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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lines written at Ampthill Park, in the Autumn of 1818. London 1819. Small 4to. pp. 46.

These lines are inscribed to the Lord of Ampthill, Lord Holland, and seem to be one of those elegant little tributes which sometimes flow from persons of taste on enjoying scenes or societies peculiarly delightful. The author is, according to common report, Mr. Luttrell; and the verses, without claiming a eulogy beyond that of the station which they occupy in the ranks of poetical composition, are easy, harmonious, and feeling, worthy of an accomplished mind to offer, and of a fine scholar to receive. They set out with bidding farewell to Ampthill, and a parting view is thrown over the natural beauties of the place; in one verse of which description we find almost the only blemish of style throughout the poem. Of Nature it is said—

She builds no form of savage grandeur here,
No gloomy caverns yawn, no deserts frown,
No torrent, deafening the affrighted ear,
Leaps from some giant rock, in thunder, down.

It strikes us that the verse would have been more perfect had the plural been used in torrents, as well as in the preceding members of the sentence. We shall but quote another verse which we dislike: speaking of the most ancient of the oaks,—

Now to the dust, in ruin, down they go,
Verdure above, but canker all beneath;
As o'er some couch hangs poised the uplifted blow,
Where ebbing life contends in vain with death.

Unless the trees are to be cut down, the third line spoils the simile. But the ensuing passages make ample amends for this slight inappositeness of comparison, and indulge in a pleasing vein of moral reflection.

Since these were acorns, since their course has run
From youth to age, from vigour to decay,
What deeds have in the busy world been done!
What throng have sunk, what empires passed away!

And Man, inconstant Man! how has he changed
His manners, language, garb, religion, laws!
With what a shifting course his steps have ranged,
Toiling for power, or riches, or applause!

Yet still, though oft on earth has been renewed
The transitory race,—what'er his aim,
By hope excited, or by fear subdued,
His feelings, frailties, virtues, are the same.

VOL. III.

Since these were acorns,—say, beneath their shade
What rival knights in mortal feud have strove,
What way-worn pilgrims told their beads, and prayed,
What maidens owned their long-dissembled love!

Here oft, from toil released, has age reposed,
And childhood sported, in the sultry noon.—
Here have the outlaw's watchful eyelids closed;
Till on his broken slumbers rose the moon.

But who the story, Ampthill, shall relate
Of thy brief masters, — — —

The bard then enters upon the record,
and deduces the descent of the barony from the Norman Albini, through those feudal times when warlike fortresses and towers of strength occupied the sites of the present peaceful mansions of the nobility of England. Of Ampthill, when its owner, "Cornwall the Green," the brother-in-law of Henry IV. returned from Agincourt, he says, with great poetic pathos,

Where is the voice of revelry and mirth
Through all the vassal country echoed wide,
When courteous knights, and dames of gentle birth
Bent in proud homage to his princely bride?

Where is that castle now, whose thick-ribbed walls
The foe's assault so oft unshaken bore?
Its battlements are swept away, its halls
Are sunk,—its very ruins are no more!

The last is a noble idea, and, though it may be found in the Pharsalia, is new to us in English. The adjacent remains of Houghton, the abode of "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother," and the legendary scene, whence the former drew his Arcadia, excites similar feelings and a similar strain:

Now is the once proud dwelling desolate,—
From blazing hearths the smoke ascends no more,
Nor human step, nor voice, within the gate,
Recalls the memory of the days of yore.

Along the courts with cumbrous fragments filled,
Rank weeds and wiry grass obstruct the way;
There reptiles lurk, there owls in darkness build,
And soaring kites dart headlong on their prey.

Yet still, as if in mockery they remained,
Behold where gleam in sculptured stone on high
Amidst the general wreck unhurt, unstained,
The crests and scutcheons of quaint heraldry!

Hence, empty blazons, hence! How vain your boast,
When strength and beauty from these walls
are fled;

Vain as the hovering of some steel-clad ghost
Round the damp vaults where sleep the mighty dead!

This picture of desolation is not altogether new, but the images, even such as have been painted before, are highly

touching and poetical, and those in the two latter stanzas boast of equal merit, with more originality: the closing comparison is particularly apt and admirable. The whole passage is so feeling, that we continue our extract.

How frail the fabrics of Man's feeble hand!
Pass but a few short years, they melt away.—
Great Nature, thine are adamant,—they stand
In strength impassive, and defy decay.

The bill endures, the valley, and the stream;
The zephyr still breathes on, still sweeps the blast;
The glorious sun shines with as bright a beam
Now, as through all the countless ages past.

Rome's mouldering amphitheatre in vain
The long suspended stroke of Time derides;
But see, Soracte crowns the Latian plain,
As when the snow first veiled its glittering sides.

Even the proud pyramids shall crumble down
At last, and mingle with their native earth,
While on their unregarded dust shall frown
The marble rocks and caves which gave them birth.

By a rapid transition, a tribute is paid to the memory of the last proprietor of Ampthill, Lord Ossory, and thence to his successor, Lord Holland, which is very happily turned.

Oh! what a gift affection has bequeathed!
How dear to him, in manhood's prime, must be
The soil he trod, the very air he breathed
In the blithe hours of careless infancy!

As his eye glances, as his footsteps roam,
Still busy memory joys some spot to trace
Where once the happy school-boy, welcomed home,
In his fond kinsman's viewed a father's face.

HOLLAND and AMPTHILL! Be the names combined
Through unborn ages,—

To this we say, Amen, and close our short review of a short poem, to which we shall add no further compliment, but that its sketch of the scene is so alluring, that were we travelling near it, we should scarcely pass within some miles without desiring to cast a look at the beauties of Ampthill.

Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee, with a Statistical Account of that Kingdom, and Geographical Notices of other parts of the Interior of Africa. By T. Edward Bowdich, Esq. Conductor. London 1819. 4to. pp. 512.

Ashantee, a powerful kingdom, and Coomassie, its capital, a city of one hundred thousand souls, within nine days journey of our settlements on the coast, were, till within these few years,

only generally known to us by name, and we believe that not fifty individuals in England had ever formed the faintest idea of the barbaric pomp and magnificence which this volume unfolds, nor of the state, power, wealth, and political condition of the Ashantee nation, (only one of many similar which people the interior of Africa) until the original account of it, from the pen of one of the persons employed on this occasion, appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of November 15, 1817.* Except by loose report, we may indeed say that until Mr. Bowdich came before us, we knew nothing of this vast continent beyond its shores and rumoured deserts. His narrative seems to carry us to a new and crowded world, and imagination could hardly produce any forms more strange and wonderful than the true description which he gives us of realities. We will introduce the account of these marvels by a short preface of the circumstances which led to the mission.

The Ashantees, in 1807-1811, and 1816, invaded the nation of Fantees, whose population lay about our settlements on the coast, and in the course of the wars, by which they nearly exterminated their miserable adversaries, not only threatened but attacked our forts. Cape Coast Castle was besieged, and it was only by paying a tribute that the savage conquerors were bought off. After this it was deemed expedient to send an embassy to Coomassie, in order to negotiate a treaty of alliance with a monarch so dangerous and potent as *Sai Tootoo Quamina*, King of the Ashantees. Presents, &c. being prepared, Mr. James, Mr. Bowdich, Mr. Tedlie, and Mr. Hutchison, were dispatched on this conciliatory errand, under the guidance of an Ashantee called Quamina, whose women accompanied him, and gave more trouble than all the rest of the suite. They left Cape Coast on the 22d April 1817, and proceeding by Annamaboe, struck into "the bush," or forest, for the interior. They crossed many streams and swamps, and appear to have journeyed along a path cut through an otherwise impervious wood. Their usual mode and lodgings may be gathered from a few brief extracts.

We halted in the woods, at a spot where our guide, Quamina, was busied in cutting down the underwood, to accommodate himself and his women; the bearers, resolute in their perverseness, had gone on with our provisions and clothes. The ground of our resting place was very damp, and swarmed with reptiles and insects; we had great difficulty in keeping up our fires, which we were more anxious to do after a visit from a panther: an animal which, the natives say, resembles a small pig, and inhabits the trees, continued a shrill screeching through the

* We beg to refer to this paper, which perfectly corroborates Mr. Bowdich.—Ed.

night; and occasionally a wild hog bounced by, snorting through the forest, as if closely pursued.

The doom and iron-wood trees were frequent; the path was a labyrinth of the most capricious windings, the roots of the cotton trees obstructing it continually, and our progress was generally by stepping and jumping up and down, rather than walking; the stems or caudices of these trees projected from the trunks like flying buttresses, their height frequently 20 feet. We were also frequently obliged to wait the cutting away of the underwood before we could proceed, even on foot. (p. 20-1.)

The path was sometimes trackless, and appeared to have been little used since the invasion of 1807; several human skulls were scattered through this dark solitude, the relics of the butchery.

Thus they travelled through the desolated Fantee country, where, however, the charms of nature are displayed in uncommon beauty and majesty; and next crossed the country of the Assins, or Assins, tributary to the king of Ashantee. On the 5th of May they reached the frontier of the latter kingdom, the first croom or town belonging to which is called Quesha. Here a small river, the *Bohmen*,

is said to instil eloquence, and numerous Ashantees repair annually to drink of it: it flowed in a very clear stream, over a bed of gravel, and was three feet deep and eight yards broad.

Still the country was not open, but well watered, thickly peopled, and full of towns. The path was now more regularly cut, and almost resembled that of an European shrubbery for neatness, while it was, in parts, eight feet wide. At Fohmannee, a town a little in advance of Quesha, "we," says the narrative,

Stopped awhile at the request of a venerable old man, who regaled us with some palm-wine and fruit: his manners were very pleasing, and made it more painful for us to hear that his life was forfeited to some superstitious observance, and that he only waited the result of a petition to the king to commiserate his infirmities so far as to allow him to be executed at his own croom, and to be spared the fatigue of a journey to the capital: he conversed cheerfully with us, congratulated himself on seeing white men before he died, and spread his cloth over the log with an emotion of dignity rather than shame. His head arrived at Coomassie the day after we had.

Their arrival, thus mentioned in rather slovenly language, is next described:

Two miles from Agogoo, we crossed the marsh which insulates Coomassie; the breadth at that part forty yards, and the depth three feet. Being within a mile of the capital, our approach was announced to the king, who desired us by his messen-

gers to rest at a little croom, called *Patiasoo*, until he had finished washing, when captains would be deputed to conduct us to his presence. Distance $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Courses N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. NNW. $\frac{1}{2}$.

We entered Coomassie at two o'clock, passing under a fetish, or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles. Upwards of 5000 people, the greater part warriors, met us with awful bursts of martial music, discordant only in its mixture; for horns, drums, rattles, and gong-gongs, were all exerted with a zeal bordering on phrensy, to subdue us by the first impression. The smoke which encircled us from the incessant discharges of musquetry, confined our glimpses to the foreground; and we were halted whilst the captains performed their Pyrrhic dance, in the centre of a circle formed by their warriors; where a confusion of flags, English, Dutch, and Danish, were waved and flourished in all directions; the bearers plunging and springing from side to side, with a passion of enthusiasm only equalled by the captains, who followed them, discharging their shining blunderbusses so close, that the flags now and then were in a blaze; and emerging from the smoke with all the gesture and distortion of maniacs. Their followers kept up the firing around us in the rear. The dress of the captains was a war cap, with gilded rams' horns projecting in front, the sides extended beyond all proportion by immense plumes of eagles' feathers, and fastened under the chin with bands of cowries. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes and saphies* in gold and silver; and embroidered cases of almost every colour, which flapped against their bodies as they moved, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells, and knives; long leopards' tails hung down their backs, over a small bow covered with fetishes. They wore loose cotton trowsers, with immense boots of a dull red leather, coming half way up the thigh, and fastened by small chains to their cartouch or waist belt; these were also ornamented with bells, horses tails, strings of amulets, and innumerable shreds of leather; a small quiver of poisoned arrows hung from their right wrist, and they held a long iron chain between their teeth, with a scrap of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in their left hands, covered with red cloth and silk tassels; their black countenances heightened the effect of this attire, and completed a figure scarcely human.

This exhibition continued about half an hour, when we were allowed to proceed, encircled by the warriors, whose numbers, with the crowds of people, made our movement as gradual as if it had taken place in Cheapside; the several streets branching off to the right, presented long vistas crammed with people, and those on the left hand being on an acclivity, innumerable rows of heads rose one above another: the

* Scraps of Moorish writing, as charms against evil.

large open porches of the houses, like the fronts of stages in small theatres, were filled with the better sort of females and children, all impatient to behold white men for the first time; their exclamations were drowned in the firing and music, but their gestures were in character with the scene. When we reached the palace, about half a mile from the place where we entered, we were again halted, and an open file was made, through which the bearers were passed, to deposit the presents and baggage in the house assigned to us. Here we were gratified by observing several of the caboceros pass by with their trains, the novel splendour of which astonished us. The bands, principally composed of horns and flutes, trained to play in concert, seemed to soothe our hearing into its natural tone again by their wild melodies; whilst the immense umbrellas, made to sink and rise from the jerkings of the bearers, and the large fans waving around, refreshed us with small currents of air, under a burning sun, clouds of dust, and a density of atmosphere almost suffocating. We were then squeezed, at the same funeral pace, up a long street, to an open-fronted house, where we were desired by a royal messenger to wait a further invitation from the king. Here our attention was forced from the astonishment of the crowd to a most inhuman spectacle, which was paraded before us for some minutes; it was a man whom they were tormenting previous to sacrifice; his hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like the figure of 8; one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other hung to his head by a small bit of skin; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife was thrust under each shoulder-blade; he was led with a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins, and drums beat before him; the feeling this horrid barbarity excited must be imagined. We were soon released by permission to proceed to the king, and passed through a very broad street, about a quarter of a mile long, to the market-place.

Our observations en passant had taught us to conceive a spectacle far exceeding our original expectations; but they had not prepared us for the extent and display of the scene which here burst upon us: an area of nearly a mile in circumference was crowded with magnificence and novelty. The king, his tributaries, and captains, were resplendent in the distance, surrounded by attendants of every description, fronted by a mass of warriors, which seemed to make our approach impervious. The sun was reflected, with a glare scarcely more supportable than the heat, from the massy gold ornaments, which glistened in every direction. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival, with the peculiar airs of their several chiefs; the horns flourished their defiance, with the beating of innumerable drums and metal instruments, and then yielded for a while to the soft breathing of their long flutes, which were truly

harmonious; and a pleasing instrument, like a bagpipe without the drone, was happily blended. At least a hundred large umbrellas, or canopies, which could shelter thirty persons, were sprung up and down by the bearers with brilliant effect, being made of scarlet, yellow, and the most showy cloths and silks, and crowned on the top with crescents, pelicans, elephants, barrels, and arms and swords of gold; they were of various shapes, but mostly dome; and the valances (in some of which small looking-glasses were inserted) fantastically scalloped and fringed; from the fronts of some, the proboscis and small teeth of elephants projected, and a few were roofed with leopard skins, and crowned with various animals naturally stuffed. The state hammocks, like long cradles, were raised in the rear, the poles on the heads of the bearers; the cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and the richest cloths hung over the sides. Innumerable small umbrellas, of various coloured stripes, were crowded in the intervals, whilst several large trees heightened the glare, by contrasting the sober colouring of nature.

"Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit."

Our limits compel us to break off abruptly, but our extracts from this curious work shall be resumed in our next.

GIFFORD'S PERSIUS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

It has often struck me as somewhat strange, that Mr. Gifford's Translation of Persius should have been published only as a sort of appendage to the last edition of his Juvenal, and not separately. The consequence is, that it has never been properly brought before the public eye, or received that attention from the critics which one would expect, considering the reputation of the Translator, and the signal merit of the work. It forms so small a portion of the Juvenal, that very few persons who already possess a former edition, could afford to purchase another merely for the sake of the Persius; and yet the Persius appears to me a superior, though a less bulky translation. I have thought, therefore, that a few remarks upon it, together with as many extracts as your pages can afford, will not prove unacceptable.

I cannot entirely coincide with Mr. Gifford in this opinion, that Persius is not obscure to an attentive reader. Every school-boy stumbles at him, who gallops over Horace, and walks securely over Juvenal. But I do think that Mr. Gifford has done as much to clear away his obscurities, as was practicable; and that he has also contrived, with a felicity rarely attainable, to divest him of his coarseness and ruggedness, without at all diminishing his strength and point. Nothing but high poetical powers could have effected such a difficult task. In short, he has adopted his author's style, without retaining his faults, and has thus surpassed Brewster, who, next after him,

sed longo intervallo, is by many degrees the best translator.

There is another critical remark of Mr. Gifford's, to which I cannot implicitly subscribe,—that Persius's principal defect is a want of connection in his subjects. I rather apprehend that his chief fault lies in a want of sufficient fulness and dilation. He is not alone too sparing of words to complete a thought, but of thoughts to complete a picture.

This, however, is a point not worth disputing, in the small space which you can spare me; I shall, I believe, consult your own and your readers' wishes better, by filling it with specimens of a translation, which I truly think is,—I dare not say the very best in our language, while Pope's Homer is there,—but which possesses an excellence that Pope's wanted, namely, adaptation of style to the original.

There are not, perhaps, more nervous, and at the same time more polished lines in the language, than the commencement of the fifth satire.

PERSIUS.

Poets are wont a hundred mouths to ask,
A hundred tongues,—whate'er the purposed task;
Whether a tragic tale of Pelops' line,
For the sad actor, with deep mouth, to whine;
Or epic lay;—the Parthian winged with fear,
And wrenching from his groin the Roman spear.

CORNUTUS.

Heavens! to what purpose, (sure I heard thee wrong,)
Tend those huge gobbets of robustious song,
Which, struggling into day, distend thy lungs,
And need a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues?
Let fustian bards to Helicon repair,
And suck the spongy fogs that hover there,
Bards, in whose fervid brains, while sense recoils,
The pot of Progne or Thyestes boils;
Dull Glyco's feast!—but what canst thou propose?
Puff'd by thy heaving lungs no metal glows;
Nor dost thou, mumbling o'er some close-pent strain,
Croak the grave nothings of an idle brain;
Nor swell, until thy cheeks, with thund'ring sound
Displode, and spirt their airy froth around.
(Sat. 5. p. 105.)

The next passage which I shall select, is part of the celebrated address of Persius to his tutor:—

Can I forget, how many a summer's day,
Spent in your converse, stole, unmark'd, away?
Or how, while listening with increased delight,
I snatched from feasts the earlier hours of night!
One time—(for to your bosom still I grew)
One time of study and of rest we knew;
One frugal board where, every care resigned,
An hour of blameless mirth relaxed the mind.
And sure our lives, which thus accordant move,
(Indulge me here, Cornutus,) clearly prove
That both are subject to the self-same law,
And from one horoscope their fortunes draw.

Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which separate mind from mind;
No general object of desire is known;
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.
With Latian wares, one roams the Eastern main,
To purchase spice, and curamin's blanching grain;

Another, gorged with dainties, swilled with wine,
Fattens in sloth, and snores out life, supine.
This loves the Campus; that, destructive play;
And those in wanton dalliance melt away :—
But when the knotty gout their strength has
broke,
And their dry joints crack like some wither'd
oak;

Then they look back, confounded at the past,
On the gross days in fogs and vapours past;
With late regret the waste of life deplore,
No purpose gained, and time, alas! no more.

But you, my friend, whom noble views de-
light,

To pallid vigils give the studious night;
Cleanse youthful breasts from every noxious
weed,
And sow the tilth with Cleanthean seed.
There seek, ye young, ye old, secure to find,
That certain end which stays the wavering
mind;
Stores, which endure, when other means decay,
Thro' life's last stage, a sad and cheerless way.

(Sat. 5. p. 112.)

The latter part of this extract is pecu-
liarly happy—the couplet, “Cleanse youth-
ful breasts,” &c. in particular.

Terse and elegant dialogue, especially
where the rejoinders follow quick upon
one another, is difficult to give even in ori-
ginal poetry; how much more so then in
translation, where the writer is fettered
down to certain thoughts, which he cannot
alter at will, for the sake of a hemistich or a
rhyme. The following is executed with
point and grace, and without deviating
from the original. I will venture to say,
that, easy as it flows, it cost Mr. Gifford
more uneasy postures than most other pas-
sages in the work :—

‘Tis morn; yet sunk in sloth you snoring lie.
‘Up, up,’ cries Avarice, ‘and to business hie;
Nay, stir.’ I will not. Still she presses, ‘Rise.’
I cannot. ‘But you must and shall,’ she cries.
And to what purpose? ‘This a question! Go,
Bear fish to Pontus, and bring wines from Co.’

(Sat. 5. p. 126.)

I have already mentioned that I thought
Persius's chief fault lay in his not suffi-
ciently dwelling upon a subject or pic-
ture, where one would expect diffuse-
ness. The following passage will elucidate
my meaning :—

The One, on birth-days, and on those alone,
Prepares, (but with a forecast all his own,)
On tunny-pickle, from the shops, to dine;
And dips his withered pot-herbs in the brine;
Trembles the pepper from his hands to trust,
And sprinkles, grain by grain, the sacred dust.
The Other, large of soul, exhausts his hoard,
While yet a stripling, at the festive board.

(Sat. 6. p. 144.)

After the prolonged and minute descrip-
tion of the Miser's feast, one naturally looks
for an equal particularization in the Prodi-
gal's; but it is cut short, and we are only
told in general terms, that he ran out his
property in his youth. It would have been
in better taste to have put the latter charac-
ter first, or else to have made it a more
elaborate companion for the other.

The last passage which I shall extract,
is a remarkably fine one. I speak with re-
spect to the composition, for, of course,
the thoughts are not, in translation, to be
taken into account :—

“Live to your means—’tis wisdom's voice you
hear—

And freely grind the produce of the year:
What scruples check you? Ply the hoe and
spade,

And, lo! another crop is in the blade.”

True; but the claims of duty caution crave,—
A friend, scarce rescued from th' Ionian wave,
Grasps a projecting rock, while, in the deep,
His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep:
I see him stretched, desponding, on the ground,
His tutelary gods all wrecked around,
His bark, dispersed in fragments o'er the tide,
And sea-monsters sporting on the ruins wide.

(Sat. 6. p. 145.)

This is very splendid composition,—
“ruins wide,” however, ends it somewhat
tamely; but the whole evinces so much
genuine power of poetical language, that I
cannot avoid expressing my regret at the
comparative waste of such talents upon
translation. This work, I conceive, is Mr.
Gifford's most vigorous effort; and it is also
his last. Why then does he not, while his
admirable faculties are in full vigour, enrol
his name amongst our more aspiring bards,
and essay some noble poem which the world
“may not willingly let die?”

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

Letters from the North of Italy. By W.
Stewart Rose. 8vo. 2 vols.

(Concluded.)

The Malaria, or fever, of which we
have heard so much in this country,
seems a sort of ague, following a typhus,
with hot fits, which last for a very short
time, and do not confine the patient an
hour except during the access. Bark is
the universal remedy. It is often fatal,
as a marsh fever, among the lower
orders, whose food is not of a sustaining
description.

Our limits restrain us from entering
into a very interesting philological in-
vestigation of the different languages of
Italy, which occupies a moiety of the
second volume; or into some agreeable
specimens of Italian poetry, well trans-
lated into English verse by the Author.
Every district has a different dialect of
its own; but if the population have as
great a facility at acquiring other tongues,
as the person described in the annexed
quotation, this diversity can occasion
little difficulty.

The living lion to whom I allude is the
Signor Mezzofanti, of Bologna, who, when
I saw him, though he was only thirty-six
years old, read twenty and conversed in
eighteen languages. This is the least mar-
vellous part of the story; he spoke all these
fluently, and those, of which I could judge,
with the most extraordinary precision. I
had the pleasure of dining in his com-
pany formerly in the house of a Bolognese
lady, at whose table a German officer de-
clared that he could not have distinguished
him from a German. He passed the whole

of the next day with G—— and myself,
and G—— told me he should have taken
him for an Englishman, who had been
some time out of England. A Smyrniote
servant, who was with me, bore equal testi-
mony to his skill in other languages, and
declared that he might pass for a Greek or
a Turk, throughout the dominions of the
Grand Signior. But what most surprised
me was his accuracy; for during long and
repeated conversations in English, he never
once misapplied the sign of a tense, that
fearful stumbling-block to Scotch and Irish,
in whose writings there is almost always to
be found some abuse of these indefinable
niceties.

The marvel was, if possible, rendered
more marvellous by this gentleman's ac-
complishments and information, things
rare in linguists, who generally mistake
the means for the end. It ought also to be
stated, that his various acquisitions had
been all made in Bologna, from which,
when I saw him, he had never wandered
above thirty miles.

There is an excellent account of the
Sette Comuni, supposed to be the de-
scendants of the Cimbri, defeated by
Marius and Catulus. They amount to
about 25,000 souls, and inhabit an insu-
lated district near Vicenza, bounded by
rivers, alps, and hills, and containing
24 villages, with a capital, *Asiago*.

The moral character of this people, who
till lately enjoyed a comparatively free go-
vernment, is, like that of most free men,
and more especially of free mountaineers,
simple, frank, and good. For the rest, their
customs savour of a race long insulated from
their neighbours.

Some of these (but such are principally con-
fined to the less civilized villages) remind one
of some of the Celtic usages. Thus they
wake their dead the night before interment,
performing certain games about the bier.
If a traveller dies by the way, they plant a
cross upon the spot, and all who pass by
cast a stone upon his cairn. Some go on
certain seasons in the year to the high
places and woods, where it is supposed they
worshipped their divinities; but the origin
of the custom is forgot amongst themselves,
they alleging no better reason for the prac-
tice, than that their fathers did so before
them. If a man dies by violence, instead
of clothing him, as the dead are usually
clothed, they lay him out, with a hat upon
his head and shoes upon his feet, seeking
to give him the appearance of a way-faring
man; perhaps as symbolizing one surprised
in the great journey of life. If a woman
dies in child-birth, they lay her out, set off
with all her bridal ornaments. Such are
some of the most remarkable of their cus-
toms and observances.

But it is time for us to bring our no-
tice of this publication to a conclusion,
which we will do by adding one or two
of its amusing anecdotes; and, while
we speak its general merit, by justifying

our censure of its faults. Of Venetian practical wit the following are proofs :

A proud patrician, asking a connexion to a great dinner, regretted at the same time that he should put him to the expense of a dress suit of clothes. The guest arrived, habited in black silk, and bringing with him his servant who was to wait, dressed in a magnificent suit of embroidery, the exact pattern of his entertainer's; which he had ingeniously procured from his tailor.

A Venetian lady, famous for her gallantries, being alone with a young man in a gondola, complained of a sudden pain in her back, which prevented her adjusting a garter that had slipped down: She in consequence desired her companion to replace it. He did so, with becoming gravity; and the lady on landing presented him with a box of sugar plums for his pains.

A certain *Abate*, who was an accomplished, but tiresome man, called upon a Venetian gentleman who was just going out, and detained him by complaints of the world. He said, he was learned and clever, but that "*nissun saveva stimarlo*," "that nobody knew his value," or, literally, "that nobody knew how to value him." The friend heard him out, put his arm under his, and carried him away with him. They had not walked far, when the hearer entered the shop of a broker and appraiser, and exclaimed, "*Caro vu, stimème sto Sior Abate, che nissun altro sà stimar*." "My good friend, value me this *Abbè*, whom nobody else knows how to value."

A gondolier was ordered by a foreigner to the church of Saint *Ermagora e Fortunato*, which is known. I do not know why, by the name of *San Marqusla*, amongst the Venetian populace. The gondolier, therefore, not understanding him, rowed him in vain from Saint to Saint, till out of all patience, he carried him to the church of *All Saints*, and bade him "find him out amongst them; since, for his part, he did not know where else to look for him." But I am laying the foundations of an *Adriatic Joe Miller*.

To shew the comparative notions of delicacy in different countries, we have a story of an Italian lady, who, on examining an English tea-equipage, shrugged up her shoulders at the indelicacy of the slop-basin, a "receptacle of leavings." Another lady used to look at the seam of her pocket-handkerchief, to ascertain on which side "she blew her nose"! And a foreigner once told the Author, that "he was warned by an English lady of the impropriety of blowing his nose overtly, in the presence of the sex; but observed, at the same time, that he had detected many of our fine ladies in secret sniffs."

To sum up shortly, these volumes are not only amusing light reading, but convey a very considerable share of useful information. The Author dwells on the improvements of which the

North of Italy is susceptible, and especially in a commercial view, by converting the fine rivers into navigable communications. He says little or nothing of the Arts: indeed a hacknied subject. What most displeases us is the slang fashionable phraseology, often coarse, which we noticed in our first paper on the subject, and of which we now subjoin a few examples, in addition to what have occurred in our other extracts.

Padua. Add dirt to dulness, and to that an air little superior to what is breathed by a cat in an air pump, and you will have an adequate idea of Padua.

Gormandizing on Saints' Days. Thirty small birds were considered as no very extraordinary swallow, (i. e. taken at a meal.)

Flippancy. Fortunately a red-legged prelate dropped in.

Italian Sea Fogs. In Sicily I have heard speak of two, as of a distinct character.

Cloth Tabarro, or *Cloak*. Seven English yards go to the building one.

Coarseness. The small canals (of Venice) have not at any time a pretty smell with them, in hot weather they stink outright.—The patrician pantaloons is, familiarly speaking, a *Bore*: this animal's mode of worry, &c.—The partridge and poultrie of England,—&c. &c.

To say the least of this style it is in bad taste; and really when we read in a disquisition upon language that its "*colour glimmered through the Latin*;" or that its "*Latin blood was dashed with Greek*;" or that *forma* was the "*Doric πορφα* turned inside out," we may guess the meaning, though we feel that it is correctly expressed in no living tongue. Yet Mr. Rose sets up to criticise the "*Scotch and Irish*,"* for their ignorance of "*indefinable niceties*." We suppose they ought to study his *English*!

Nevertheless we must conclude by saying, that with these little imperfections he has given us a very amusing book to beguile a tedious hour, and present a lively sketch of an interesting country.

* See the first of our extracts above.

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

Professor Meusel of Erlangen has published a book with the above title, which contains many interesting articles, particularly the extracts from Bretschneider's papers. We select the following singular story, which happened at Dresden, and is proved by original documents.

Two grenadiers stood sentinel at midnight before the house of Count Rutowsky. The moon shone bright, and a man came

up to them, who complained that the house where he lodged was shut, and he could not knock any body up. After some conversation, he produced a bottle of brandy, gave the sentinels a part, and at length began to disclose his design, and to negotiate with them about it. He shewed them a stone of the pavement, which was indeed in the walk of the sentinels, but more remote from the center, and covered by the corner of the house. He pretended to want this stone for a chemical experiment, and offered each of the grenadiers a louis-d'or if they would assist him, and dig up the stone with their bayonets. They took him for a fool, accepted the money, and he obtained what he wanted. He had paid the two louis-d'ors in silver coin; the grenadiers disagreed about the division of it, and quarrelled in the guard-room. The whole story came out, was reported by the officer on duty to the government, and made a great noise; the grenadiers were immediately arrested, &c. It was believed at that time that the robber of the stone was an Italian in disguise, who had carried off an invaluable jewel. He was looked for in every house—a description of his person, with a reward for his apprehension, was distributed all over the country, and I have no doubt but that the old grandmothers in Dresden still relate this story to their grandchildren with expressions of wonder: for it is generally believed in Saxony that the Italian dealers in minerals disguise themselves as sellers of mouse-traps and the like, merely to carry off undiscovered the pieces of gold and silver ore that lie exposed in the *Erzgebürge* and the *Fichtelberg*. Who would believe, says Bretschneider, "that two and twenty years after I heard this story, chance should give me the most complete explanation of it. I was at Vienna in 1774, and agreed with a good friend, who belonged to our embassy, to meet him at a tea-garden. I arrived sooner than my friend, who was detained by the coming of a courier, drank a glass of wine in an arbour, and waited for him till dusk. Meantime, a company of gay cheerful persons seated themselves in the same arbour, and covered the table at which I sat with various dishes which looked very tempting: there was, in particular, a cold partridge pie, which I should have been sorry to leave untouched. There were, however, women in the company, with whom I soon became acquainted. I was invited to partake with them, and found that I was in the company of officers of the household of great families in Vienna, as Lobkowitz, Schwarzenberg, &c. These officers furnished the table, each with drink which he had brought with him, and I can bear the gentlemen testimony that they had made no bad choice. Among them was an old man who guessed my country, by my language, and told me that in his youth he had been at Dresden, as valet de chambre to a gentleman. Among many other anecdotes, he told me that his master had fallen in love with a young Countess, who was most strictly watched by a cross old husband. The lovers were perfectly agreed, but it

was almost impossible for them to have a tête à tête. A window belonging to the Countess had, indeed, been quite conveniently arranged by the chambermaid to get in by, but the sentinels of Count Rutowsky close by, who had this window before them, had rendered this way impassable. At length his master, a cunning Savoyard, had thought of a good expedient. He, the valet de chambre, was ordered to disguise himself, to steal by night to the sentinels, and by the trick with the stone to draw them quite aside, while his master slipped through the window so quickly, that the grenadiers, whose attention was engrossed by the stone, did not perceive it. His master remained concealed in the house two days, and was let out on the third, disguised in a female dress, by the lady's maid."

The Delphin Classics, with the Variorum Notes. Entitled, The Regent's Edition. London 1819. Nos. I. II. P. Virgilio Maronis, &c. pars I. pars II. 8vo. pp. 1344.

It was our intention this week to submit a short review of these truly admirable volumes, which we consider as the foundation of one of the noblest edifices of classic taste and erudition that ever did honour to any country. But a pressure of other matters having prevented us from fulfilling our purpose, we can only seize the passing date to recommend the work most earnestly to our readers, as one which we think every scholar, and every parent who desires to leave a library of the most excellent kind to his children, will lament losing the opportunity of securing by a prompt and early subscription. This we say in terms of the stronger eulogy, because our opinion is most impartially given; and we observe from a notice in the second part, that the price is to be raised from 18s. to 20s. to new subscribers on the first of April, and to 21s. on the first of June. As intelligence, therefore, as well as advice, we hasten to make a statement which will be useful in guiding those who hesitate on the subject: for ourselves, we most truly aver, that we should reckon it a misfortune to omit the chance of obtaining at the easiest rate a production so perfect and matchless in its kind.

TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia. By Joseph von Hammer. Published at Pest.

THE CASTLE OF BRUSSA.

The Mosque of Orchan, within the castle, has already been mentioned; and the old

Greek church, which was converted into a mausoleum, is described in the account which M. Von Hammer gives of the sepulchres. There remain to be noticed the ruins of the Palaces of Murad I. and Mohammed I. The wall of the castle forms a continuation of the perpendicular rock on which it is built. It is covered with moss. The inner castle, or arsenal, as it is called, which is a square surrounded by four walls, is now converted into a kitchen garden, and four pieces of cannon without carriages lie rusting on a platform. The view from this platform is delightful, and makes ample compensation for the disappointment the stranger experiences on examining the interior of the arsenal.

"The most remarkable objects within the limits of the castle, are the ruins of the palace of the first Osmanic Sultans. The edifice, however, is not reduced to mere shapeless masses of stone, nor so fallen into decay, but that the plan of the whole, and the distribution of the various chambers, baths, gardens, pavilions, and fountains, may be easily recognised. Some of the latter are still unimpaired, but the water has burst through the pipes, and flows off, moistening the earth in various directions. Grass sprouts out from the jaws of the marble lion, from which the water formerly flowed, and the basin which received it is now filled with rubbish. Here is, perhaps, the site of the Harem, the sacred asylum of female honour and dignity. The vicinity of the marble baths, which still remain undecayed, renders this conjecture the more probable. This sanctuary of decorum and of pleasure, which in former times was closed against every unhallowed eye, and scarcely accessible to the rays of the sun or the breath of the atmosphere, is now exposed, without roof or protecting wall, to the inclemency of the weather, and the glare of open day. Briars and thistles overspread the ground which was once covered with the richest variegated carpets, and masses of stone, hurled down by the hand of time, have usurped the place of down cushions. The private chambers of the women, from which the jealousy of oriental despots excluded even light and air, to which the solar rays only penetrated as it were by stealth, through rails and curtains, and where stillness was interrupted only by the murmuring of flutes and the sighs of love, are now exposed, even to their deepest recesses, to the sun, the moon, the wind, and all the inclemency of the weather. Silence yet prevails; but it is the silence of desolation, not of love, and it is broken by the murmuring of the water, which, in its course to the fountains, loses itself under ground, and gushes forth from among the ruins. Nothing can be more melancholy than the complaints of those invisible Naiades, who, in harmonious accents, have for centuries been repeating the great truth, that *all is vain*. Whither are vanished the splendour and luxury of this palace and its inhabitants! where are the voluptuousness of the Harem, and the delights of its beauties! The clouds of perfume, the mirrors which

vied with the brightness of the sun, the downy couches, balsamic odours, pleasure-kindling spices, intoxicating opiates, rose-essences and musk pastiles, the maulin veils and cashmere shawls, which seemed woven from sun-beams and the flower-beds of Spring—whither are they vanished! And the young beauties of all complexions and forms, from every country and climate in the world, the brown and the fair, the African and Circassian, Grecian and Persian, the innocent christian virgins torn from the arms of their mothers, and the Egyptian Almes skilled in singing, dancing, and instructed in all the seductive arts—where are they now? All is vanished! Fancy had retraced the scenes of past centuries, when this Harem was the receptacle of beauty, and the focus of oriental magnificence; but on recovering from our reverie, we find ourselves surrounded by ruin and desolation, like Knights-errant, who, after having been lulled to sleep in the magic palace of some wicked fairy, wake in the morning amidst heaps of filth and rubbish. The veil of imagination which covered the anatomy of this abode of pleasure is fallen, and nothing but the skeleton remains.

"This ruinous palace, the Mosque of Orchan, which has been already noticed, and the tomb of Osman, which will hereafter be described, are the only remarkable monuments in the castle. It contains, however, within its walls the great cloister of *Melevlis*, the residence of the Motesselim, or Deputy of the Paschaw, and the prison near the gate, which is on that account called the *Prison Gate*. The streets of the castle are desolate and uninhabited, many of the houses are decayed, and the fountains are all more or less out of repair. In the road leading from the *Earthen Gate* (*Yerh-passi*) to the city, there is a chapel, the front of which is shaded by a Babylonian park of considerable extent, and which presents a very picturesque prospect. The inscription over the door indicates that it was built by Sultan Mohammed I. to whom Brussa is indebted for the most beautiful of its public edifices.

"We have already described the fountains, aqueducts, bridges, and caravansaries, where the Son of the Way (the traveller) may find refreshment, repose, and security. The benevolent founders of these establishments, in providing for the weary traveller, have not forgotten the sick and the poor, for whom dispensaries, hospitals, and poor-houses, are erected. The high and low schools (*Mekteb* and *Medresse*), the halls for the reading of the Koran, and the traditions (*Darol-kiraet* and *Darol-hadis*) serve for the maintenance and promotion of Mahometan philosophy. Finally, the great and small mosques (*Mesjed* and *Jamee*), the cloisters (*Tekie*), and the pilgrims' shrines or mausoleums (*Turbe*), are devoted to the purest exercises of divine worship. The building and visiting of these last edifices are esteemed the most meritorious works that Moslems can perform, and with them we shall commence our pilgrimage."

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR JANUARY 1819.

(Continued.)

Art. III. Histoire du passage du Alpes par
Annibal, &c. par J. A. Deluc fils. 8vo.

When we reflect upon all the obstacles which Hannibal had to encounter in his expedition to Italy, we cannot help considering it as one of the most extraordinary and daring enterprises that ever was undertaken by any general. The passage of the Rhone, and still more, that over the Alps, the two most memorable circumstances of this expedition, have especially excited the attention of military men and of the learned. They have been the subject of a multitude of dissertations; after many discussions and researches, only a few points have been agreed on, but respecting the part of the Alps which Hannibal must have crossed, opinions have been hitherto divided; every one has thought he had good reason not to give way to others.

The choice between the two principal authorities, and the difficulties which the texts of Polybius and Livy present, even when taken singly, have given rise to two principal opinions. Those who have exclusively followed Livy, or who have endeavoured to reconcile the two historians, make Hannibal pass by Mount Genevre; those who entirely abandon Livy, place this passage more to the North.

The first opinion, advanced by Folard, is the most generally adopted; it is in fact that which explains the most difficulties. Nevertheless, the critics who espouse it are not agreed respecting the route by which Hannibal proceeded from the banks of the Rhone to Mount Genevre. Among those who make Hannibal pass to the North of that mountain, some conduct that General to the entrance of the Vallais, and make him cross the great St. Bernard. Others have attempted to prove that he passed over Mount Cenis. Lastly, the Scotch General Melville, thought he had discovered, in 1773, that this passage had been effected over the Little St. Bernard. It is this last opinion that M. Deluc, jun. has adopted, after having several times crossed the Alps, in order to satisfy his mind on this subject.

We cannot help regretting that our confined limits will not permit us to have the pleasure of translating the whole of the very able and learned essay of M. Letronne, which it would be injustice to abridge. We will, however, give the route of Hannibal, according to Mr. Deluc, and according to the Reviewer, as marked in the map, which the latter has annexed to his essay.

According to M. Deluc—

Passage of the Rhone, (as agreed upon by all parties,) a little above Rochemaure, between 9 and 10,000 toises above Avignon. Hence, ascending the east bank of the Rhone, as far as Vienne, (crossing not only the Drome but the Isere,) hence eastward, meeting the Rhone again at St. Genis, along that river to Yenne; then east to lake

Bourget, along the west bank of that lake, and so on to Chambery and Montmeilan, where he again intersects the Isere. (A strange détour, says M. L. since, if Hannibal wanted to go to Montmeilan, he might have followed the course of the Isere from his first meeting with it.) M. Deluc having brought Hannibal to Montmeilan, has no difficulty in proving that he passed over little St. Bernard, since there is no other route without crossing the Isere. Hence M. Deluc conducts Hannibal to Aosta, thence to Ivree, where he makes him cross the *Doria Baltea*, and thence proceed to Turin.

M. Letronne makes Hannibal, after crossing the Rhone, ascend that river only till he meets with the Isere, along the banks of which river, and of the Drac, (not crossing either,) he takes him to Jaye, thence to Gap, thence to Embrun, thence to Briançon, (crossing the Durance, above the former, and again below the latter place,) thence ascending Mount Genevre, and descending it to Oulx, and thence to Susse, Fines, and Turin.

Art. IV. Morier's second Journey to Persia.

We have ourselves given such a copious account of this interesting and important volume, that we might pass over this article intirely, were it not for the pleasure of quoting the highly honourable confirmation of our opinion of its merit, by so thoroughly competent a judge as Baron Silvestre de Sacy.

M. de Sacy having given a short account of the Author's first Journey, which he highly commends, observes, that the second is still more interesting; he then gives a succinct analysis of it, which he thus concludes:—"This narrative being entirely drawn up in the form of a Journal, the observations belonging to one object, instead of being united and grouped, if the expression may be allowed, are scattered almost at random. If they were collected under a certain number of principal heads, they would perhaps acquire more utility and importance, but then they would have lost the stamp of impartiality and originality, which they owe to the first impressions which gave rise to them, and it might be feared they would have been impaired by studies in the closet. It is not that the Author is a man without erudition, the contrary appears every moment; but when reading him, we are convinced that his memory has furnished him on the spot with the recollections of antiquity, which he has compared with the objects, the sight of which recalled them to his mind, and that no spirit of system has influenced his manner of seeing places, men, and things."—In a second article, in the Number of the Journal for February, M. de Sacy quotes some of the most interesting observations. A French translation, in 2 vols. 8vo. has already been published, but M. de Sacy declares it full of errors in the sense, and most negligently done; having neither plates nor maps, it loses much of the interest, and the Persian words, which are written

with the greatest care in the text of M. Morier, are too often disfigured in the translation.

Art. VI. Jeanne d'Arc ou la France sauvée;
poème en douze Chants, par Pierre Du-
menil.

Joan of Arc delivering France from a foreign Yoke, is indisputably one of the happiest subjects for an epic poem, that modern history affords. The character and exploits of the heroine would almost suffice for the marvellous required in this species of composition. After having been variously ill-treated by the bad verses of Chapelain and the good verses of Voltaire, and unworthily outraged by Shakspeare, the Maid of Orleans, says M. Raynouard, deserves to find avengers amongst the French poets. It does not, however, appear from his account that the present poem is the avenger desired.

Art. VII. Observations sur la folie, &c.
par M. G. Spurzheim, M.D.

Dr. Spurzheim is sufficiently known in England. M. Tessier objecting to many of his hypotheses, says that his book may concur with many others to advance the art of curing mental alienation.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, MARCH 20.

The following Degrees have been conferred:—

Rev. Charles Valentine Le Grice, Master of Arts, of Trinity College Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.—Rev. Robert Allen, Fellow of New College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. William Watson Dickins, of Merton College; John Rodbard Bain, of Christ Church; Rev. Charles Semse Dickins, of Oriel College; Rev. John Batt Bingham, of Brasenose College; Rev. James Betts, of Trinity College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—William Hoskins, of Brasenose College; Thomas Welch Hunt, Esq. grand compounder, and Thomas George Corbett, of Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 19.

The Chancellor's gold medals for the best proficient in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors of Arts were yesterday adjudged to Mr. Thomas Thorp, of Trinity College, and Mr. Alexander Malcolm Wale, of St. John's College.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

On Monday, Jan. 25th, 1819, A paper by H. J. Monck Mason, LL. D. and M. R. I. A. relating to a Hebrew medal, found, at the close of the last year, in the county of Cork, upon one side of which is a head of our Saviour, and upon the other an inscription in Hebrew characters.

After a description of the individual coin, the essay enters into an inquiry concerning the antiquity of medals of this nature; comparing the several specimens, which are mentioned by the learned, with that, which

is the subject of the paper. The conclusion drawn is, that no very great degree of antiquity can be assigned to them; but that they are of considerable rarity and interest. But three medals of this description, and those from different dies, have been discovered to exist within the British dominions.

On Feb. 22d, 1819, An essay by Wm. Wallace, M.R.C.S.I. M.R.I.A. Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology, and operative Surgery, &c. &c. on the development of the cranium, being the first of a series of essays entitled *Researches, anatomical and physiological, respecting the changes which the human skeleton undergoes at different periods of life; with some observations on the deformities to which it is subject during its development.*

In this essay is given the result of a great number of dissections, undertaken with the view of ascertaining the changes which the cranium undergoes from its first formation to the latest period of life. These dissections lead to many general conclusions, the principal of which are the following:

All parts of the cavity of the cranium do not grow with the same rapidity. The capacity of the cavity of the cranium has attained its greatest magnitude about the seventh year after birth. Cartilage precedes the formation of bone in the base, but not in the vault of the cranium. The formation of the various kinds of articulations of the cranium does not depend on the mechanical influence of pressure, or the accidental ossification in the form of radii, but on determinate laws of nutrition. The kind of articulation to be observed in different parts of the cranium depends on the nature of the injury to which these parts are more particularly exposed, and not on any capricious location. The animal basis of all the bones of the cranium is continuous, when the walls of the cavity are developed; and it is only the ossious matter that is interrupted at the articulations, &c.

Notice has been given of the second essay, which will contain the history of the development of the other cavities of the head.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This Gallery closes to-day, and with it our remarks, which have been pretty general. We trust we have done no injustice by commission, and should be sorry had we done any by omission. As far as we remember, we have passed no picture of merit to deserve public notice, except such as have been before exhibited, and reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*. Among these, indeed, we should have been happy to have to say that Stothard's *Fête Champêtre* had found a purchaser among the patrons of painting, all of whom are its admirers, and the non-disposal of which we cannot help considering a drawback upon the success of this Exhibition, and a blot upon the national taste. We cannot pronounce that the Art

is sufficiently encouraged, when such a work is twice returned into the hands of its author. Stewardson's well coloured and original picture of the *Circean*, Cleland's very curious *Study*, Westall's *Cattle*, and a few others, we should also have been well pleased to see transferred to Galleries belonging to the Noble or the Rich. But when above *three thousand poundsworth* of pictures have been sold, we must not complain too much, especially as the amount is greater than that of any preceding season. To the lists we have published, we have now the pleasure of adding the following further sales:—

- 107. Waterfall in Cuckfield Park, C. J. Scott.—
I. J. Bullock, Esq. 40gs.
- 251. Douglas Bridge, near Inverary, P. Nasmyth.—
P. Test, Esq. 36gs.
- 88. The Oreston Quarry, Plymouth, Geo. Samuel.—
Duke of Bedford, 40gs.
- 210. Sailing Match at Wroxham, J. Stark.—
I. J. Bullock, Esq. 60gs.

Before, however, we take final leave of this national, and therefore interesting Exhibition, a few of the pieces of sculpture, eleven in all, claim our notice.

No. 1. *Cupid Disarmed*; an Anacreontic, by *E. H. Baily*, is a production of infinite spirit, and great beauty. The forms of the God and Psyche are full of grace, and the whole composition is of a superior class. We can scarcely assign a reason for it, but we wish the struggle had been maintained at closer quarters:—there seems too great a void between the charming combatants, and the female arms are not sufficiently fleshy.

4. A colossal bust of a British Warrior. *Joseph Theakston*. Very well done, but we are as well pleased that our warriors have not such thick heads, for though they might be useful in resisting, they must be very bad for directing the artillery of war.

5, 6. *Venus as the Morning Star* putting on, and *Aurora as the Evening Star* pulling off, the veil of Night. *J. E. Hinchcliff*. These are two exquisitely pretty designs, poetically conceived, and sweetly executed. They are rather alike, but still merit the highest praise for simplicity and beauty.

11. *Prometheus chained to the Rock*. *Josephus Kendrick*. A figure very honourable to the artist and to this branch of our native art. The position is fine, and the anatomy, not exaggerated, in general excellent. The limb which prevents our saying it is altogether so, is the upraised arm, which, though the muscle is possibly accurate, has above the elbow really the appearance of a leg reversed. The bird is admirably done.

Within little more than a fortnight an Exhibition of the old Masters is to be opened, and from our knowledge of some of the pictures which are to compose it, we will venture to predict one of the noblest galleries ever seen in this country.

ERRATUM.—No. 32. We accidentally ascribed this picture to G. Turner: it is by P. Rogers.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY

Formed again last Monday quite the centre of fashionable attraction; and though we

have something like a contempt for fashion generally, and for fashion as touching the Fine Arts particularly, we are yet well pleased to use the word and to applaud the thing, out of consideration of the great benefits likely to be the result. For after all, it must be to emulation for possessing the noblest ornaments of Hall or Palace, that we have to look for the most effectual encouragement of our native school, and we must not quarrel with the word fashionable merely because it is debased by common application to bonnets, flounces, or window-curtains. We will rather recall it to its ancient and higher import, and express our fervent hope that the splendid fashion set by Sir John Leicester may become in its superlative "the rage." As public writers, we have borne frequent and warm testimony to its excellence, and it rejoices us to observe, that artists seem to have felt it, as we did, to be at the same time one of the most pleasing ways of displaying British talent, one of the most handsome ways of evincing British liberality, and one of the most likely ways of promoting the best interests of the British School. As a proof of this, we have to mention that a new feature appeared in the principal room last week; a charming copy, in enamel, of *Gainsborough's Country Girl*, by Henry Bone, R.A. and presented by that eminent artist to Sir John Leicester, as a tribute of gratitude for his distinguished patronage of the Fine Arts in his native land. This affair is the more honourable to all the parties, as Sir John is not a collector of works in the line of Mr. Bone's pursuits, and therefore the offering was disinterested on the one side as it was flattering on the other. The piece itself is beautifully finished, and worthy of the occasion.

MR. FAWKES' GALLERY OF DRAWINGS.

This gentleman is the first to follow the example which we have so highly commended. On Tuesday week, he opens his fine collection of drawings, principally by Turner, to such friends and amateurs as are favoured with tickets of admission to his house in Devonshire Place. We hope to give some account of this second step in the grand march of private encouragement to the British Arts, in our next publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*Literary Gazette.*]

BALLAD.

Imitation of Burns.

Fareweel, dear Scotia, native land,
A lang fareweel to thee,
Condemn'd by Fate's relentless hand,
I cross the stormy sea.

Yet nae e'en this would hurt my mind,
Nae cause this rising tear,
But, Mary, to lea' thee behind,
'Tis that I canna bear.

Nor can I wish that thou should go,
I love thee, Maid, too well,
For many a danger there I know,
And maid I canna tell.

No—I alone will brave my fate,
Nor shalt thou go with me,
And may Heaven's choicest blessings wait
My Mary dear, on thee.

Now, Mary, I from thee maun part,
Maun part perhaps for ever,
But never shall this breaking heart
Forget thee, Mary—never.

CARDINE.

[By Correspondents.]

TO A. P. M.

Busy fancy still turns to the days of delight,
When enraptured I heard thy confession of love;

And tho' Time hath benumb'd many hearts in his flight,
He hath helped but the fondness of ours to prove.

Like the oak, in yon forest, our passion hath been,
Advancing in vigour, as advancing in years,
Its roots have expanded, tho' they flourish unseen,
And no trace of their growth on the surface appears.

The world then may threaten—its frowns I defy,
And its hopes and its honours are nothing to me;

All my joy is the gladness that beams in thine eye,
And the grief that afflicts me is coldness in thee.

Let the heartless and sordid new passion reveal,
And enamour'd address all the bright eyes they meet,—

Undiminished the fervour our bosom shall feel,
Till our hearts cease to glow, and our pulses to beat.

A. M.

LINES

Suggested by the concluding Stanza of the Poem on MR. HARLOW's death, inserted in the Literary Gazette, Feb. 13, 1819.

Oh Genius! is it thus our fears
Must darken, then, thy dawning rays?
Must we extinguish with our tears
And stifle with our sighs thy blaze?

Must the fond mother, then, grow pale,
When glory loves her darling's name?
And not with joy, but terror, hail
The hour of his triumphant fame?

No! for if none in youth could die
But those whom talent deigns to grace;
And none could reach maturity,
Who shone distinguish'd o'er their race;

If genius were indeed a fire
That burnt, its offspring to consume,
The glorious wreath that worlds admire,
Sure presage of an early tomb;

There still are some, who, when the light
Was given that should illumine their day,
Would rather have it short and bright,
Than dim, that it might longer stay.

(And, oh! since those who leave it late
Find life but lengthened misery;
There in truth a happier fate
Than to be glorious—and to die?)

And, Harlow, though thy shortened day
Call forth a Father's deepest sigh,
Or on a Mother's bosom weigh,
Or dim with grief a Sister's eye;

Will they not own, e'en while the tear
Flows at the thought that Thou art gone,
They'd rather weep upon thy bier,
Than clasp a living nameless one!

Tho' bitter tears lament thy death,
Some sweet ones hail thy early fame;
And mingled comes with sorrow's breath
The sigh of triumph at thy name.

But since e'en dull obscurity
May sometimes find a youthful grave,
Oh, Fame! we'll offer vows for thee,
For thou wilt precious relics save.

Thou, when they mourn the honour'd dead,
The drooping parents shalt sustain,
And tell them, tho' the life be fled,
The memory will on earth remain!

March 4, 1819.

F. L. S.

Ἀπὸ τοῦ Βλίστου γὰρ αὐτῆν.
Τὰς, καὶ καὶ λαλῆσαι.

INSCRIPTION

On the Miniature of a very beautiful Woman recently from the pencil of Richard; in which an admirable likeness was produced from a few imperfect sketches, aided by the recollections of her Husband.

In Hellas erst the mighty Master drew
From the fair forms that only Hellas knew,
With hand unerring, and discernment sure,
Of every subtle charm the essence pure!
Forth from the time-triumphant marble sprang
Each matchless grace!—Greece with applauses rung!

Athena was glad! and to eternal fame
Gave the bright honours of her Sculptor's name.
There Art, here Nature triumph'd, blending all
In one fair, faultless, pure original!—
Hers were the charms that from detection fly,
Mingled in soft and perfect harmony;
That highest beauty, where the captive soul
Feels the full force of one impressive whole!
The blighting east wind blew,—the cherish'd flower,
Uncopied, droop'd and perish'd in an hour.

Some frail memorials of abortive art
Remain'd, to wring, alas! not soothe the heart.
Illusive form! on which the eye may rest
While fancy frames fair visions of the blest.
Thou wert not yet! we saw in sad despair,
In all that was, the all that was not there!

Those charms, that powerless hands could only sever;
Those graces lost, and seemingly for ever;
Those fleeting shades of beauty all disjoin'd,
Behold for happier skill once more combin'd!
One master-hand, in one auspicious hour,
Arm'd with the magic Point's creative power,
Gave back this sweet reflection, faint, but true,
To be adored by me, admir'd by you!

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW.

(Concluded.)

In a previous passage, we alluded to Mr. Harlow's first introduction to that sort of notice favourable to an aspiring artist. It arose out of a curious circumstance,

which affords a singular instance of rare and precocious talent. Walking with his mother once in Piccadilly, she pointed out to him, knocking at the Duke of Devonshire's gate, Mr. Hare, the well known associate of his Grace, of Mr. Fox, and other celebrated persons, and a gentleman of whom she had often spoken as having been an intimate friend of his father and family. No further attention was paid to the matter at the time, but Mr. Hare dying shortly after, it became a subject of deep regret to the Duchess of Devonshire and others, that no likeness had been taken, to preserve the memory of one so much valued. This, by accident, reached the ear of Harlow, who told his mother that he thought he could execute a portrait of Mr. Hare from recollection. He accordingly set about it, and with very slight assistance, produced a picture which was universally acknowledged to be an admirable likeness. This extraordinary faculty never left the Artist, and he could almost invariably retrace from memory such portraits as he had formerly copied. In one case, when he did so for Mr. Lawrence, the work was so perfect, that that gentleman refused to credit the possibility of its being performed without the original.

The Hubert, which we have mentioned, was painted for a Mr. Leader, at the price of only 100 guineas, and Mr. L. afterwards exchanged it with the Artist for a subject of nearer domestic interest, the portraits of two of his daughters. The splendid picture of the Keable family, in the characters of Katherine, King Henry, Wolsey, &c. was originally begun on a small scale, but Harlow grew enamoured of his theme as he proceeded, enlarged his plan, and finally completed that admirable work, which went into the possession of Mr. Welsh, the composer, at the price stipulated for that originally projected, namely, *one hundred guineas!!* This almost shameful bargain was rendered still more offensive to the sense of liberal justice, by the sale of the copy-right to a plate from it, at, if we are not misinformed, five times the amount paid the Artist for the picture itself. It is often thus that genius labours, and something not so elevated gathers the fruits.

The last great work exhibited by Mr. H. was Christ healing the woman who had an issue of blood. It possesses great merit, and has many parts of a superior character, but is, upon the whole, not so fine a production as others we have mentioned. Besides his sacred, historical, and poetical works, which are very limited in number, Mr. H. obtained a well-earned and high reputation by his unrivalled portraits upon a small scale. Those of Mr. West and Mr. Northcote will long be remembered as chef d'œuvres. He was fond of painting public men, either literary, or dramatic performers, and we have seen in oils from his hand most admirable likenesses of many distinguished individuals belonging to these classes. We know not to what number the multitude of engravings from him has extended. Mrs. Siddons, a whole-length; Fawcett, a most

expressive resemblance; Conway, full of spirit and force; Mathews, in three different characters; may be instanced as specimens of his superlative ability. His small oil-paintings of his friend Sir W. Beechey, of Fuseli, Stothard, Haydon, and other Artists, whom he admired or respected, are all charming memorials of his talents: they were done *con amore*, because they were done by his own choice, and he was not to be remunerated for the labour. He has, however, executed many exquisite portraits of persons of the highest distinction; and in female figures, and countenances of beauty, displayed, in a surpassing degree, that sense of loveliness which best inspires the poet and the painter. In such subjects he revelled with a chaste voluptuousness of fancy which was never excelled, witness his delightful portraits of the Miss Chambers' and of the Miss Rodneys (we believe) &c. &c.; and his male portraits (in the small size) boasted a truth and energy not less admirable, though not quite so enchanting. In his portraits of men, of the life size, we do not consider him to have been generally so successful, but even in this line there are many capital exceptions.

His talent seemed to be unbounded, and, with the exception of landscape, we are not acquainted with any branch of the art in which he did not excel. His faithful and attached servant, William Gravely, who accompanied him to Italy, confirms this opinion. He tells us that his master hurried into every church for sketches, but rarely took landscapes. He however made a View of Rome, and several others of striking scenery. Assuredly, if ever a human being was born to be great in the art, he was that being. His soul was wrapt up in it—all his exertions were directed towards it—and lofty were his thoughts of the future achievements which he might perform as a painter. Lofty as they were, in our opinion he would have realized them. His improvement within the last few years was wonderful. The trammels in which he had been cramped were thrown off, and he was expanding into that effusive brilliancy which grand occasions demand, and evolve from the possessors of genuine powers.

Mr. Harlow was in the habit of drawing, and depositing in a book, the likenesses of eminent persons with whom he was struck on meeting them in company. These are among the most precious of his remains. Nothing can exceed the taste with which they are finished, and in their skilful treatment we have the most characteristic portraits that ever were seen, of a number of those whose public estimation renders such memorials of them invaluable. We trust the Graver will be employed to multiply and perpetuate them.

As a painter, we would rank Mr. H. in the very first place. To surprising variety of talent, he added the finest feeling for what was really captivating in the art. His taste was pure, and his genius great. Sometimes faulty in his drawing, his outline was free, flowing, and graceful, and his style of colouring rich and splendid. In composition

the same innate feeling for what was delightful guided him, and in expression he fell short of no competitor. His faults were of the most trifling kind, when compared with his excellencies, and in a short time would all have been eradicated. What then would he have been, who produced such works as we have enumerated, under the clouds of fortune, and died in the very opening of his blossoms, at the early age of 32? Shall we answer, One of the greatest masters of any time or country? There are many parts of the "Kemble Family," in particular, which warrant the presumption, for they are parts which no painter, modern or ancient, ever surpassed.

On the 22d of last June, Mr. Harlow set out on a tour of improvement to Italy, and relanded at Dover on the 13th of January. This, but for its fatal termination, was to him a fortunate and glorious journey. In Italy he met that honourable reception which his abilities entitled him to expect, though he had not experienced that consideration in his native land, where he was not even an A.R.A.; in this reminding us of the bitter epitaph written for himself by Piron, whom the French Academy rejected, "Here lies Piron, who was nothing; not even an Academician!" At Naples, Venice, Florence and Rome, his welcome was not merely hospitable, but triumphant. He was courted by the great in rank, and greeted as a brother by the greater still in accomplishments which raise man above his kind. Canova expressed the highest admiration of him; his pictures attracted applauding crowds of the most celebrated connoisseurs; he had the honour to be presented, and expressly introduced, to His Holiness the Pope; and the Academies of Rome and Florence elected him a member of their ancient and renowned bodies,—distinctions seldom bestowed on a foreigner. During this period, so far from being diverted from his studies by the splendour around him, and the flattering seductions on every side, he prosecuted them with redoubled diligence and ardour. He copied some of the greatest masterpieces of art in the world; he sketched all he saw worthy of preservation; he laboured incessantly. Among the most memorable of these works, is his own portrait, deposited in the Academy of Florence, and a picture on the subject of the presentation of the Cardinal's Hat to Wolsey in Westminster Abbey, left with that of Rome. A finished sketch of this picture, which excited a great sensation in Rome, is on its way to England, together with acquisitions in busts, statuary, &c. made in Italy. His noble copies of the Transfiguration, by Raphael, and of the Crucifixion, by Tintoretto, are also coming over, and it affords us pleasure to state, that the Prime Minister of this country, the Earl of Liverpool, has paid a feeling and handsome tribute to the fine Arts and to the memory of Harlow, by voluntarily signifying to his relatives that orders had been given to admit the packages containing these interesting articles, without examination or payment of duty on their arrival in

a British port. This is as it ought to be, and does credit to the government. Lord Burghersh too, who has evinced on so many occasions the proper zeal of a British nobleman for the encouragement of the Arts, thereby reflecting lustre on his station, has bestowed the most generous care on Harlow's productions, as he had before lavished the most cordial personal kindnesses on the artist. When the pictures arrive, it is intended to add them to the other principal works of Mr. H. and form the whole into an exhibition: of which design we warmly approve, as we are not aware of any collection which not only public curiosity but public sympathy could have higher gratification in contemplating. We also presume that most of these productions will be sold.

As some of the documents, &c. to which we have alluded in describing the English painter's reception in Italy, possess a degree of novelty, and others acquire very considerable interest, from the melancholy fate of their subject, we shall beg leave to introduce them into this memoir. The first we shall copy is the diploma of the Roman Academy, which is on a large sheet of paper surmounted by the engraving of an antique bronze wolf with Romulus and Remus sucking it; and two little designs of the emblems of sculpture, painting, and architecture, a modelling-stick, brush, and compasses formed into a triangle, encircled by a snake, the type of eternity, with the motto "*Æqua potestas*." The seal is similar, and the wolf is inscribed, "*Bronzo Etrusco esistente in Campidoglio*." The diploma itself is in these words:—

*L'Insigne Romana Accademia del disegno,
Detta di S. Luca*

All' egregio Sig. Enrico Giorgio Harlow.

Le riunioni di tanti valenti Professori delle tre belle Arti, stabilita in corpo Accademico, si è sempre fatta un pregio di accogliere nel suo grembo valorosi Artisti di Merito e Romani, e Stranieri, come anche i ragguardevoli Meccenati delle Arti medesime, che ne incoraggiscono i Cultori.

Essendosi resi noti ad Essa, i sublimi vostri talenti, ed il sommo valore da voi spiegato nella Pittura, congregatasi li 22 del Novembre 1818, e tenuto proposito sulla vostra degna Persona, di unanime consentimento ha risoluto di annoverarvi fra suoi Accademici di Merito, e di darvene col presente una chiara testimonianza.

Sarà questo un contrasegno di quella sincera stima, che nutre per Voi l'intero Corpo Accademico, confermato dal Sottoscritto.

AMONIO CANOVA, Principe Perpetuo.

GASPARO LANDI, Presidente.

Dalle Stanze Accademiche in S. Appollinare li 23d Nov. del 1818.

G. A. GUATLANI, Secret.º. Perp.º.

*The illustrious Roman Academy of design,
commonly called that of St. Luke.*

To the

distinguished Mr. George Henry Harlow.

The numerous association of professors, in the three branches of the fine arts, established as an academical body in this city,

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has ever felt great pleasure in receiving and enrolling meritorious artists, not only of Rome, but all other countries, as also those Patrons who may have been most remarkable for encouraging them.

Your superior talents, and the powers you have displayed in painting, having eminently excited their notice and admiration; a meeting of the members took place yesterday the 22d instant, for the express purpose of taking your claims into consideration, when it was unanimously resolved to nominate you an ACADEMICIAN OF MERIT, and to give you the present DIPLOMA as a special testimonial of the same.

This will therefore be a proof of that sincere esteem which the whole body of academicians entertain towards you.

Confirmed by the undersigned:

ANTONIO CANOVA, Perpetual Director.
GASPARO LANDI, President.

Given at the rooms of the Academy in St. Apollinare, this 23d of Nov. 1818.

G. A. GUATLANI, Perpetual Secretary.

The Academy of Florence followed the example of the Academy of Rome: the following papers relate to that honourable transaction. Lord Burghersh, under date the 2d of February 1819, writes to Harlow, "I have great pleasure in forwarding to you the patent of Academician to the Academy of Florence, inclosed in the annexed letter from the President, the Chevalier Alessandri. I beg to give you joy of the testimony borne to your merits," &c. The enclosure runs thus:—

ORNATISSIMO SIGNORE,

Ho il piacere di partecipare che S. A. I. e R. il Gran-Duca mio augusto Sovrano ha annuito alla mia proposizione di aggiungere il di lei Ritratto alla Collezione esistente nella Galleria di Firenze, conforme ella desiderava.

Io poi mi son fatto un pregio di onorare il merito dell' Originale, situando il detto Ritratto appresso a quello del celebre Reynolds, e proponendo la di lei ammissione tra i componenti di quest Accademia, che con somma soddisfazione vi hanno unanimemente aderito, come rileverà della Patente, che unita le trasmetto.

La predetta nostra Accademia é sempre nell' aspettativa di possedere un Opera del suo valente pennello, che serva di memoria permanente del sommo suo merito nella Pittura.

Mi do intanto l' onore di dirmi con particolare Stima, ed ossequio.

Firenze Dalla R. Accademia delle Belle Arti, Li 19 Gennojo 1819.

Devotr. Obbre Servitore,

GIOVANNI DEGLI ALESSANDRI,
President.

Sig. Giorgio Enrico Harlow,
Pittore Inglese.

Academy of Fine Arts,
Florence, Jan 19th, 1819.

MOST ACCOMPLISHED SIR,

I have the pleasure to inform you, that his Royal and Imperial Highness the Grand Duke, my august Sovereign, has acceded to my proposition of adding your portrait to the collection which exists in the Gallery

of Florence, and pursuant to your own wishes.

I have also done myself the pleasure of doing honour to the merits of the original, by giving the portrait a place next to that of your celebrated countryman Reynolds, and in proposing your admission amongst those who compose our Academy, which has unanimously elected you one of its members, as will be seen by the annexed diploma.

The Academy look forward to the hope of possessing a composition from your highly esteemed pencil, and which may serve as a permanent memorial of your exalted merits as an artist.

In the mean time, I have the honour to be

Your most devoted and obedient Servant,

GIOVANNI DEGLI ALESSANDRI,
President.

To Mr. George Henry Harlow.

The Florentine patent is on a large sheet of thick paper, with a black and white etruscan-looking border, nearly an inch broad: its terms are—

Accademia
delle
Belle Arti di Firenze.
Prima Classe
Arti del Disegno.

Il Corpo Accademico

E pel medesimo il Presidente manifesta come è stato ammesso nel numero degli Accademici Professori della prima Classe, e descritto al Ruolo di essa il SIG. GIORGIO ENRICO HARLOW, *Pittore Inglese*. In fede di che sarà il presente Diploma firmata dal Presidente stesso, autenticato dal Segretario, e munito del Sigillo dell Accademia.

Dato dall Accademia delle Belle Arti di Firenze, questo di 16 Gennajo 1819. Giovanni degli Alessandri, Presidente—Gio. Batta Niccolini, Segretario."

DIPLOMA.
Academy
of
Fine Arts at Florence.

First Class.
In the Art of Design.

The Academical Body, and in its name, the President declares Mr. George Henry Harlow, an English artist, as having been admitted into the number of academicians, professors of the first class, in faith whereof the present diploma is signed by the President, authenticated by the Secretary, and furnished with the seal of the Academy.

Given at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, this 16th day of January 1819.
Signed.—GIOVANNI DEGLI ALESSANDRI,
President.

GIO. BATTO NICCOLINI, Sec.

The Florentine honours never reached the artist, to whom such distinctions must have been dear, as proofs of his desert, and

rewards of his ambition. What he never reaped living, form but another branch to the laurels which adorn his grave. To such may be added the following extract of a letter from Canova, to Mr. Hamilton, Under Secretary of State, dated Rome, Nov. 30, 1818:—

"This letter will be delivered to you by Mr. Harlow, who has painted a picture with wonderful ability, entirely in the style and with the effect of Rubens; and he has thereby gained so much reputation amongst us, that he has been elected an honorary Member of the Academy of St. Luke. I assure you I have been prodigiously surprised by the performance, and by his rare talents, as well as strongly attached to him by his amiable manners and his kind heart. It is with great pleasure that I say this of him, wishing to let you know what esteem and affection I have felt for him.

"CANOVA."

Gratifying as these marks of attachment and admiration must have been to an aspiring mind, and calculated as they were to awaken the best emotions and excite the noblest emulation, we feel that we cannot describe their effect in language more powerfully touching than what appears in a private letter of Harlow's, which seems to have been written at Rome, but never sent to its destination, as it is not addressed to any friend in England.* The naive and un-studied style is highly characteristic of the writer, whose conversation bore the same traits of entire frankness and glowing hope. It appears to us to be a most interesting document:—

4 Piazza Rosa, secondo Piano in casa di Polidori, Rome, Nov. 23, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I ought to have thank'd you before this, for the receipt of both your letters, which I assure you gave me great pleasure. You might probably have expected a letter between this and then; and my reason for not writing was, as you will easily suppose, being continually engaged from morning to night. However, the major part of my labours are now at an end: having since my arrival made an entire copy of the Transfiguration. The next was a composition of my own, of fifteen figures, which created no small sensation here. Canova requested to have the picture at his house for a few days, which was accordingly sent, and on the 10th of November upwards of five hundred persons saw it. It was then removed to the Academy of St. Luke's, and publicly exhibited. They unanimously elected me an Academician, and I have received the diploma. There are many things which have made this election very honourable to me, of which you shall hear in England. You must understand that there are two degrees in our academy, one of merit, the other of honour—mine is of merit, being one of the body of the academy. The same

* It is supposed to have been intended for Mr. Tompkinson, the musical-instrument maker in Dean Street, who, we believe, was a sincere, warm, and constant friend of the writer.

night of my election, the King of Naples (who honoured Rome with his presence for a fortnight) received his honorary degree, in common with all the other Sovereigns of Europe: and I am happy to say the Duke of Wellington is one also. West, Fuseli, Lawrence, Flaxman, and myself, are the only British artists belonging to St. Luke's as academicians. This institution is upwards of three hundred years standing. Raffaele, the Caraccis, Poussin, Guido, and every great master that we esteem, were members. I had the high gratification to see my name enrolled in the list of these illustrious characters.

I expect to be in England by Christmas-day, or near it. I shall have indeed a great deal to tell you. I was much pleased with Naples—staid ten days—went to Portici, Herculaneum and Pompeii, and ascended Mount Vesuvius. This was a spectacle—the most awful and grand that I had witnessed: the fire bursting every two minutes, and the noise with it like thunder; red hot ashes came tumbling down continually where I stood sketching, many of which sketches I brought away, and different pieces of the old lava, which I hope to shew you. The eruption took place a week or two after I left. But Pompeii exhibits now the most extraordinary remains of antiquity in the world: a whole city is laid open to view—as the carriages went in one track, the marks of the wheels are distinctly seen on the stones; the habitations are unroofed, but in other respects quite perfect. The house of Sallust, the Roman historian, was particularly gratifying to me: unaltered, and in every respect (except the furniture, which I think was removed to Portici) the same as it was eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, when inhabited by him. There are many shops: in one, the amphora, which held wine, is curious, and the marks of cups they used upon the slab are distinctly seen; a milk-shop, with the sign of a goat, is perfectly preserved, with the vessels in the front room, and other shops in the same state.

Rome has been a scene of the utmost gaiety lately, during the stay of the King of Naples. I was at three splendid balls given at the different palaces: we were obliged to appear in court-dresses, and the cardinals added much to the richness and splendour of the party. The ladies looked peculiarly striking, but they did not wear hoops as in the English court. There were French and English dances, and the fireworks surpassed all my expectations. Upon the whole, the entertainments were very novel and very delightful.

I am to be presented to the Pope; Cardinal Consalvi will fix the day, it is supposed 2d or 3d of next month, and I leave Rome the day after—a day that I most sincerely dread, for I am become so attached to the place and the people, I shall have a great struggle with myself. I should be the most ungrateful of human beings if I did not acknowledge the endless favours they have bestowed on me. It is the place of all others for an artist, as he is sure to be

highly appreciated and respected, and I shall speak of the country to the end of my days with the most fervent admiration.

I forgot to thank you for your kindness in calling on Mr. West. I shall send the Transfiguration, which I think will make a stare in England, with other pictures, sketches and prints. There are also two large figures, and some porphyry and Egyptian granite slabs.

G. H. H.

The Transfiguration, so artlessly mentioned in this letter, and the original finished Sketch for the picture presented to the Academy of St. Luke's, are hourly expected in England, and we congratulate the lovers of the Fine Arts on the treat awaiting them by their Exhibition.

It will be the last relic of an extraordinary young man, whose talents reflected a lustre on the land of his birth, and whose premature death must be deeply lamented, as having deprived the Arts of a bright genius, and his country of a splendid name.

We have mentioned that Mr. Harlow landed at Dover on the 13th of January. Within a few days of his return to Town, panting for the certain fame and glory which awaited him, full of the immediate realization of that vision which had glowed before his eyes and inflamed his imagination from the cradle, in a tumult of those ecstatic feelings which such an epoch in his life called forth—he was seized with that malady which, alas! proved mortal, and turned all this stirring of noble passion into a cloud of senseless clay. Ah, miserable and short-sighted man—that lamp of genius which years of watchfulness and toil have raised from its darkly glimmering to the blaze which illuminates the world, is extinguished in the moment of its most resplendent light—those ardent hopes which have cheered thee on through the rugged paths of life, but reach the open and sunny brow of the eminence, up to which thou hast struggled, to enable thee to cast one triumphant glance around, and find their fruition in the grave. That grave, indeed, is lofty as it is low—it partakes, and this is all thou hast achieved, of immortality, mingled with the common fate of thy kind.

The disorder with which Mr. Harlow was attacked, did not at first threaten any consequence more serious than a few days confinement to the house. It was an attack of cynanche parotidæa, or what is vulgarly known by the name of the mumps. Unhappily, it seems to our apprehension, from perhaps an anxiety to get rid of so unpleasant an outward appearance, at an important period for active exertion, the disease was checked and thrown inward. It speedily assumed a very dangerous aspect, the glands and throat being so completely swollen and ulcerated as to preclude the possibility of administering nourishment of any kind, and even of utterance. In this dreadful state the dying Artist lay for several days, endeavouring to express his wishes by writing on scraps of paper; and it is lamentable to

say that, till within a very short period of his death, it was not thought necessary to call for the aid of the highest medical skill. Mortification had then commenced, and all human assistance was too late. Without meaning a reproach of any kind to the persons who did attend his latest hours, it must ever be a source of heavy regret that he breathed his last without having the advantage of any treatment superior to that which the knowledge of an Apothecary suggested, or the consolation of any relative about his dying bed. No Physician was consulted, and his only surviving sister, Mrs. White, though the wife of a medical gentleman, was left in ignorance of her brother's situation, while he expired in arms, however kindly spread, less dear and congenial to the awful moment, than those which nature demands as the fittest to clasp the body from the parting soul.

On the Tuesday week after his decease, which took place on the 4th of February, the remains of this distinguished artist were buried in the vault of St. James's Church, and the funeral was attended by his nearest relatives, and Artists, among whom we only particularize Sir William Beechey, to record that he, with a spirit truly liberal, offered his services, gratuitously, and unsolicited, to finish the portraits which his lamented young friend had left in an unfinished state.

It was rumoured that Mr. Harlow would have been admitted at once to the Royal Academy, had he survived a few months; but, on inquiry, we find that no such measure was ever contemplated, or could take place, consistently with the laws by which that body is governed.

In person, Mr. H. was slight and well-proportioned—his countenance remarkably youthful, and his manners mild and pleasing. Auburn hair, and an almost boyish look, added to the wonder which his productions never failed to excite, and to the admiration of his superlative talents. Of his endowments, unconnected with the art which was his sole study and delight, we may speak more highly than could be expected. His judgment on the lighter literature of the day, on the drama and acting, was dictated by a fine taste and a sound mind. In conversation he was generally agreeable, and frequently entertaining, from little sallies of wit and humour, which enliven argument and discussion. He loved music, and entered into all the amusements of polished society with a relish which seemed rather to belong to an idle than an industrious life, and an ease not often found in studious men. There is an unobtrusive portrait of him in the back-ground of his picture of the Kemble family, which we think might be singled from the group for an interesting engraving.

We have now closed our task. Posterity will do justice to his memory, and we trust that it will suffer no hurt from this sincere and just tribute of a warm friend of the living, and a sincere mourner for the dead.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. V. III.

THE HOAX.

(Sequel to Assignations in the Regent's Park.)

I was so delighted with the escape of the fair (then) incognita, that I forgot the book which I held in my hand; and I found, on losing sight of the intended traditore, that I had also lost sight of it. I searched about in vain for many minutes, and was prepared for putting up with my loss, when a very modest, down-cast-eyed, well dressed female accosted me, and inquired if the volume which she held in her hands belonged to me. I answered in the affirmative, and thanked her very heartily for her attention and condescension. She presented the book, and made me a curtesy with a peculiar studied grace—I thought a little theatrically. “A celebrated actress!” shrewdly remarked I to myself, as I took the publication from her elegantly extended arm.

She paused, and then addressed me thus: “Sir, your age and gentleman-like appearance (I wished that she had confined herself to the latter) encourage a very young and inexperienced woman (she can be no actress thought I) to throw herself on your protection, and humbly to solicit a favour.” “Speak, lady,” said I, but I thought her a mendicant—yet superbly dressed as far as mourning costume can go!

“I came here,” said she, “to meet an unfortunate sister, who has disoblged my father by marrying against his consent. He will neither see her nor her husband; and he has forbidden all intercourse betwixt us. I know that the young couple are in pecuniary distress, and I came here to relieve them (no beggar, thought I, quite pleased.) My sister was late; and the sun has gone down. I have been pestered and pursued by a ruffian (here she turned round.) “Describe him,” said I, perhaps it is the disappointed Rake? (the description did not answer.) “Might I,” continued she, “be allowed to walk by your side until I get into the streets?” “Surely, fair lady; and do me the honour to accept my arm; old age is always a protection; and you shall find me ready to defend you if the case require it.” She bowed gracefully.

“You merit,” added I, “a younger and a handsomer beau; but a more honest one you cannot get” (another graceful inclination of the head.) “Sir,” resumed she, “attachment is the price of protection; gratitude is the forerunner of regard.” (Very prettily spoken, thought I; it is now dusk, and she takes me for ten or twelve years younger.) “Yes,” replied I, grown a little more sentimental than usual; “but the rose twines not round the storm-struck and withered elm.” “True,” rejoined my

fair companion; but the antique elm, which is not withered, may shelter the rose; and she may grow under his protection, and look up to him with the smile of gratitude and of sympathy.” “Hem,” said I, can she be smitten?

“My name,” said she, “is Maria Mortimer, the daughter of Mr. Montagu Mortimer, a stern but worthy man, who lives in Harley Street; I must slip unperceived into my room, if you will conduct me to the corner of the street; but if you will call on me to-morrow about two or three o’clock, mamma, who has a feeling heart, and knows of my meetings with my sister, will thank you in person for the protection afforded to her daughter.” “Thanks! I require none,” said I, (feeling a vibration from her fingers on my arm, which discomposed my usual coldness and gravity, and giving her my card) “but I shall think myself honoured in improving the acquaintance of so charming a young lady.” Here her eyes met mine, and I lost in the encounter.

We were now in Portland Place. I could have wished that we had been two miles off. I became silent, and experienced regret at the idea of parting. We were at the corner of Harley Street. I grew dejected and forlorn—we separated. I kissed her hand, gloved like a covered relic. I felt as I have not felt for twenty years. It is the assignations which have disturbed me! “No,” answered a secret voice, “it is the flattering accents of the lady.” I began to wonder how I had remained single so long. Was it possible, that this adventure should change my lot? I pulled up my cravat, and was sorry for my grey hairs. “There is a vegetable dye,” said I.

I was now at my door. The words of the incognita still echoed in my ear. I was too late for dinner! What to do? send off an apology, plead indisposition, dress, dine in the corner of Long’s, observe the animalenli of fashion and of extravagance, slip into the English opera incog, view the eccentricities there—the wanderings of modern taste. But first—must dress: no, first—must write the excuse. I did so. “A taper, John.” ‘Twas brought,—I must seal my letter,—my family repeater had disappeared,—I put my hand in my pocket,—there was an aching void there! I ordered my servant to take a note to Miss Maria Mortimer in Harley Street, whilst I dressed. No such person was to be found!

At my age, to be thus duped, was too bad. There is no fool like an old fool, cried I, in a rage. I looked ten years older whilst putting on my cravat; but I called in philosophy to my aid, and pursued my dining and evening plan.

Carefully did I conceal this secret from my acquaintances; but, as its disclosure may benefit others, I owe it to my readers, and I give it, not unblushingly, under the anomye of the Hermit.

Woman’s power over me was greatly weakened for a fortnight. But yet all women are not counterfeits. Still do I consider woman as nature’s fairest work—the very master-piece of the creation. Be-

sides, who was to blame but myself? What has old age to do in lover’s haunts? What business had prying curiosity with assignations, and with the tricks of youth, at the tranquil time of life so happily reached by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

KING’S THEATRE.—On Saturday Figaro; and Angrisani confirming our prophecy of improvement. A new Ballet succeeded: a graceful *bagatelle*, in which the sole incident is the purchase of six female slaves by an Eastern Prince, who wearied of familiar seiks and foreign beauty, each of the slaves exhibits in the dance of her country, with the scale descending instead of rising, from the graceful bolero of Spain to the *graceless* nondescript of England, in which Milanie displayed a fearful abundance of footing and action. Had we seen it in *Les Anglaises pour rire*, we should have laughed; but in *Les Marchand d’esclaves* we not only applauded but encored it—(the Prince seemed of a similar taste, and the dancer was presented with the handkerchief.) The second act consisted of a glittering procession, and some elegant dancing, in which Vestris displayed an *energy* that was loudly commended; and Milanie, after having “stooped to conquer,” rose to her former altitude. The dresses, new and very elegant, were Turkish: those of the females, in graceful compliance with the Turkish costume, divested of that stiffening which recalls the remembrance of the frightful hoop.

MESSRS. BUCKE AND KEAN.

This has been a dramatic week of little novelty and of no interest, if we except the grand dispute between Mr. Kean and Mr. Bucke, the author of a neglected Tragedy. As this is not only an important affair in Cockneyshire, but really of some consequence to the Stage, we may be expected to offer a few remarks upon it, which we do with as much impartiality as if we were the judges on a trial by battel, in which each party belaboured his opponent with a sand-bag, according to the law of the land touching plebeians in such mortal fray. And, by the by, should this matter lead to any thing like fighting, as the great actor, having no fear of the Bow Street officers before his eyes, has been desperate enough to send a challenge by the Morning Post, we would advise a sand-bag encounter; for Kean is too formidable a name for *swords*, and his rival raust at *pistols* be fearful in the shape of *Buck-shot*.

It appears by a preface to the play, which has been published, that it was presented to the Sub-Committee, of notorious fame, in Nov. 1817. They were so pleased with it, that they voted the author free of the house, “the highest honour they could bestow,” with liberty to pick up as much instruction and amusement as he possibly could in it, and promised to bring out his Tragedy with, “prodigious!” their “whole

strength!" It was accordingly announced in the bills, but postponed on various pretences—first, to make way for the *Bride of Abydos*, whose theatrical honeymoon was so horribly abridged;—next, for the comedy of the *Castle of Glendower*, which Mr. Kean, in his infinite judgment, pronounced to be equal to the *School for Scandal*, but which a blind public would not hear out even one night;—and then for the *Jew of Malta*, in which there were such fine wholesome work for the unit and nothing for the ciphers. These being speedily doomed, *The Italians*, Mr. Bucke's piece, was again put in motion; and the author asserts, that Mr. Kean hinted to him that "the character of Manfredi was too much in his line" (Manfredi is a terrible rogue!)—"that the Blind Man was too good" (this was too bad)—"that the Page would excite too much interest" (an usurious sin, quite repugnant to this principal)—and "that no one should write a tragedy for that house, without making the entire interest centre in the character He should perform" (so willing to do all the drudgery!) Mr. B. further adds, that on mentioning this conversation to a person concerned with the management, his opinion was so coincident, that he observed, most of the performers were aware of Mr. Kean's jealousy of Miss Kelly, and her playing the part of Scipio would cause him to throw up that of Albano immediately. Non obstat, the play was rehearsed, and a few frivolous alterations made to fit it to the critical tastes of the actors and actresses who were to support it, and who una voce protested that the plot was an excellent plot, and *The Italians* a very pretty poem. After such profound persons determine, we dare not question the fact. Yet this "beautiful poem" had somehow an underhand factious opposition to contend with, and King John began to be talked of as a forthcoming play. The Author, very naturally ascribing the ruin of *Drury* to the non-performance of his production, now tells us that "the benches were deserted; and the treasury was losing nearly 200*l.* every night."—Indeed Mr. P. Moore seems to countenance this report, so different from the Reports at the general meetings, for he writes to Mr. B. "In respect to your tragedy, I regret, very grievously, that it was ever allowed to be superseded by the *Jew of Malta*; because I think it would have been productive to our treasury: whereas the *Jew* has not; neither has *Richard Duke of York*; nor *King John*; nor indeed any thing brought forward last season by Mr. Kean. The theatre is in a strange condition," &c. Truly it seems so, for from this letter it is clear that poor Mr. Moore, whom so many persons called tyrant, was merely the slave of Mr. Kean, who brought forward all the plays acted, and connived at all the rank falsities told of their success at the time, now thus peremptorily contradicted under the hand of the most competent authority. And this teaches us to remark on the folly of that silly system of delusion to which Mr. Moore is also a party. What can be thought of a concern which

boasts continually of unbounded prosperity, as in the cases of the very pieces above enumerated, when in fact and in truth they were losing and ruinous failures. Irritated by the delays and impediments, Mr. Bucke addressed a letter to Mr. Kean, in January last, to which the latter returned a well-written and sensible answer. He affirms that he has "nothing to do with the management of the theatre," which, though it may be technically true, is clearly morally false; and promises, for his own sake, to make the most of the materials allotted to him, should *The Italians* be acted. Soon after this, Miss Porter's *Switzerland* was brought out, and Mr. Kean walked through the hero, in a way that drew considerable disapprobation upon him. For ourselves, though we blamed that want of proper exertion, we participated a little in his feelings, that no efforts which he could make, would postpone the fate of the drama. It, however, affected Mr. Bucke's nerves so strongly, that he immediately withdrew his tragedy, which is, nevertheless, to be acted next week, and we withhold those opinions which we had committed to paper on perusing it, but which would, at present, be injudicious. The grand fracas is more amusing though less poetical, and we turn to it.

On Mr. Bucke's publishing his charge against Mr. Kean, the latter replied in a very imprudent and offensive letter, in which he not only forgets Mr. Bucke, Mr. Moore, and the theatre, but himself. It is indeed a hasty and passionate, and therefore ill-advised production. We are not among the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Kean as an actor, and will therefore abstain from comments which might savour of still greater disrespect to him as a gentleman or a man. But it is impossible to refrain from saying that he treats Mr. Bucke, and through him, Mr. Moore, the performers, and the public, in a manner as outrageous as if he had fancied he were still playing the Dwarf of Naples, instead of being Mr. Edmund Kean, out of theatrical stilts. He begins by giving the lie from Shakespeare, and ends by a sort of challenge, if any sort of challenge might be conveyed by public advertisement. But it is his personal insults to the Author which honourable minds must feel to be most disgusting. He styles him "*Mr. deranged intellect*,"—says that Mr. Moore, "excited, with some ability, my personal compassion for Mr. Bucke, in consequence of which I undertook to act in his play;"—and, finally, that on reading it in the green room to his professional brethren, "the only feelings it excited were uncontrollable laughter, and pity for the Author." It is astonishing that any man of common sense could so grossly commit himself as in these three passages. Of Mr. Bucke we know nothing but through his works, and with the *Philosophy of Nature*, 2 vols. published by Mr. Murray in 1813, and *Amusements in Retirement*, published by Mr. Colburn last year, from his pen, now lying on our table before us, and the greater portion of

which we have read with instruction and pleasure, we will venture to say, that he is not a person who deserves to be treated with neglect by the world, and far less with contumely by Mr. Kean. His volumes display a mind deeply enriched with classical literature, an observant spirit, and a talent for employing these advantages of no mean order. It has also been told us, but we would not repeat it unless sanctioned by Mr. Bucke's own statements, that misfortunes in life added another claim to that sympathy which struggling merit inspires:—Mr. Kean was far wrong to throw a shameful taunt on such a man in such a situation. As for the miserable portrait, of Mr. Moore exciting with some ability (it is hardly credible) the personal compassion of an actor to do his bounden duty, and that actor consenting "in consequence," it is, considering their relative situations, too ludicrous and contemptible for any strong feeling;—and with regard to the uncontrollable "laughter and pity" of the Company in the Green Room, it is a story, if true, very little to their credit. Laughter and Pity do not go well together in any case, but here they would be indeed a monstrous and odious union. Is it endurable that such a parcel of drivellers and — women, as (generally speaking) are seen on the boards of Drury Lane, should have it in their power to blast the fruits of genius by their ill-timed ribaldry? We can fancy the scene—Kean burlesquing the best passages of the unfortunate play, on which only the happiness of a man of talent, and of his wife and children, depended, and the parasitical idiots round him echoing the laugh which such sport created. We shall have other sorts of sentiments at their charity dinner on Friday (yesterday,) and those very amiable creatures who thus revelled in the fun of an author's disappointment and wretchedness, will tell us, in all the cant of sensibility, of their own deserts, sufferings, and claims on humane consideration!

Into Mr. Bucke's reply to Kean's letter we cannot enter. It states strong facts, and draws pretty incontrovertible inferences. It also invites the other performers implicated to clear themselves; but this they have not, as far as we know, yet done. Their dependence on the Theatre, and the theatre ruled by the party accused, is perhaps a sufficient ground for conjecturing why they have acquiesced each in their share of the obloquy. Some trifling tumults have ensued at the theatre, but on Mr. Kean professing to be ready if he had offended the public to humble himself to it, his friends and "the Wolves" carried him through. He has really a severe task to execute. The Caricature represented him with the house on his back, and now he has also got the writers for it on his shoulders,—too much for an Atlas to bear. We wish, for his own sake, he had not written the letter; but still it must be remembered that there was great irritation and soreness, which if they do not excuse may extenuate his offence. And, moreover, it is so genuinely theatrical, and out of all the rules

of real life, that we could wish to persuade ourselves that it is rather a piece of rant than the dictate of sober reflection. If the latter, not all the drunkenness of pride, inflated by unexpected and undeserved prosperity, could plead its apology, and he would merit all the reprehension conveyed to us in some lines by a correspondent, which, deeming too severe, we only use, for a conclusion, the last four:

Tho' littleness, fitting his soul to his frame,
His conduct betrays, do not rashly deride him,
Consider how brief were the date of his fame,
If Drury had any good actor beside him.

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTE OF ABBAS MIRZA, CROWN PRINCE OF PERSIA.

Abbas Mirza, Crown Prince of Persia, is one of the most remarkable men of our times. He was born in the year 1782, and every body expects great changes when he ascends his father's throne. His intercourse with learned Europeans; his speaking the English and French languages very fluently; his introduction of the European military system and discipline, and forming on that system a body of about 10,000 infantry, and a considerable corps of artillery; and other measures, display a mind of no common order. Abbas Mirza is not a mere soldier, but his finer qualities render him still more worthy of the throne. Moritz Von Kotzebue relates the following honourable anecdote of him:—"The Russian Ambassador," says he, "perceived in the garden belonging to the Prince, a projecting corner of an old wall, which made a very ugly contrast with the rest, and disfigured the prospect. He asked Abbas Mirza why he did not have it pulled down." "Only think," replied the Prince, "I have bought this garden from several proprietors in order to make something magnificent; the proprietor of the place where the wall projects, is an old peasant, the only person who positively refused to sell me his piece of land, as he would not part with it for any price, it being an old family possession. I must confess it is very vexatious, but, notwithstanding, I honour him for his attachment to his forefathers, and still more for his boldness in refusing it me. But I will wait till an heir of his shall be more reasonable!"

ARCTIC DISCOVERIES.—The Gazette of Saturday announces the Prince Regent's approbation of the following scale of rewards proposed in a Memorial from the Board of Longitude, taken into consideration by His Royal Highness in Council, on the 19th inst. viz.

1. To the first ship belonging to any of his Majesty's subjects, or to his Majesty, that shall reach the longitude of 110 degrees West from Greenwich, or the mouth of Hearne's or Coppermine River, by sailing within the Arctic Circle, 5000*l.*; to the first ship, as aforesaid, that shall reach the longitude of 130 degrees West from Green-

wich, or the Whale Island of Mackenzie, by sailing within the Arctic Circle, 10,000*l.*; to the first ship, as aforesaid, that shall reach the longitude of 150 deg. West from Greenwich, by sailing Westwards within the Arctic Circle, 15,000*l.*; the Act having already allotted to the first ship that shall reach the Pacific Ocean by a North West passage, the full reward of 20,000*l.*

2. To the first ship, as aforesaid, that shall reach to 83 deg. of North latitude, 1000*l.*; to 85 deg. 2000*l.*; to 87 deg. 3000*l.*; to 88 deg. 4000*l.*; the Act having already allotted to the first ship that shall reach to, or beyond 80 deg. the full reward of 5000*l.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LORD BYRON.—Public curiosity is a good deal excited by the announcement of a Prose Tale by this celebrated writer, entitled "THE VAMPIRE," which will appear in the next Number of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The origin of this production is rather curious. It was proposed in a Literary Circle that each of the company present should write a Tale, depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord Byron, the daughter of the celebrated Mr. Godwin, and a certain Physician. The tale of Miss Godwin has already appeared under the title of *Frankenstein*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH.

Thursday, 18.—Thermometer from 29 to 51.
Barometer from 30, 41 to 30, 27.
Wind N.E. and S.W. 3.—Generally clear.

Friday, 19.—Thermometer from 30 to 50.
Barometer from 29, 83 to 29, 55.
Wind S.W. 3.—Generally cloudy; some rain and hail in the morning.

Saturday, 20.—Thermometer from 36 to 44.
Barometer from 29, 65 to 29, 83.
Wind N.W. 3.—Generally cloudy; showers of rain at intervals.
Rain fallen, .07625 of an inch.

Sunday, 21.—Thermometer from 36 to 50.
Barometer from 29, 97 to 30, 03.
Wind N.E. 4.—Generally clear.
Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

Monday, 22.—Thermometer from 32 to 49.
Barometer from 30, 03 to 30, 00.
Wind W.B.N. 4.—Generally cloudy.

Tuesday, 23.—Thermometer from 33 to 49.
Barometer from 29, 94 stationary
Wind S.B.W. 4.—Cloudy.

Wednesday, 24.—Thermometer from 36 to 57.
Barometer from 29, 79 to 29, 88.
Wind S.W. 1.—Morning cloudy, with a little rain, the rest of the day generally clear.
Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.
Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.
Longitude 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several valued Correspondents will, we trust, excuse our giving particular answers to their letters this week. If they were aware of the title of our claims in this way, we are sure they would excuse any apparent neglect.

ERRATUM.—In Lord Erskine's Poem in our last No. page 1, col. 3, l. 26, for *due read dire*.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with a Selection of the most celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, will be opened on Monday, April 13th. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

New Publications.

On Wednesday next will be published, in one vol. 8vo. handsomely printed, price 12s. the 2d Edit. of

THE ROYAL MINSTREL. An Heroic Poem. In Twelve Books. By J. F. PENNIE.

Printed for Pincock and Maunders, 267, St. Clement's Church-Yard, Strand.

Completion of the Franklin MSS.

This Day were published, in 4to

THE POSTHUMOUS and other WRITINGS of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. forming the Third or Concluding Volume of the Memoirs. Published from the Originals by his Grandson

WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN, Esq.

Among the distinguished Characters who have a place in these Memoirs, will be found Burke, Fox, Dr. Beattie, Dr. Priestley, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Beattie, Brand Hollis, Granville Sharp, Baron Maseres, Buffon, Beccaria, David Hartley, David Hume, Condorcet, Sir Wm. Jones, Dr. Kippis, Dr. Ingenhousz, M. de Beaumarchais, Bishop Shipley, David Barclay, Dr. Fothergill, Mr. Hutton, Dr. Percival, Dr. Bancroft, Dean Tucker, Mr. Clarkson, Paul Whitehead, the Laureat, Sir Francis Bernard, Caleb Whitford, Benjamin Vaughan, Sir John Dalrymple, Lord Teignmouth, &c. &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

Lord Byron and Mr. Coleridge.

On the 1st of April will be published, price 2s. embellished with a striking likeness of Mr. Coleridge, the Third Number of a New Volume of the

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and LITERARY REGISTER.

Contents:—I. The Vampyre, a Tale, by the Right Hon. Lord Byron—II. Letter from Geneva, with anecdotes of distinguished personages—III. Memoirs of S. T. Coleridge, Esq.—IV. Essay on the Life and Genius of Camoens, by the Baroness de Stael Holstein—V. On the Fluctuations of Fashionable Phraseology—VI. A Pedestrian Tour round Florence—VII. Unpublished Scenes from the Tragedy of Manuel, by the Rev. R. C. Matutin—VIII. Memoirs of Peter Gale Faux, Stenographer and Patriot, by his Friend Agathonides Mumps, (continued)—IX. Description of the Cup, presented to Martin Luther on his Marriage, by the University of Wittenberg, (with an Engraving)—X. Observations on Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets—XI. On the Establishment of a Public Market for Literature—XII. The Edinburgh Reviewers and their extraordinary Opinions of Pope—XIII. Present State of Japan, by Captain Galloway—XIV. Outlines of a plan for an organized supply of the Metropolis with Provisions by Water Carriage—XV. On the Causes of the Whirlpools and other Phenomena of the Straits of Messina—XVI. On the Newtonian System—XVII. The Cabinet—XVIII. Original Poetry—XIX. Critical Remarks on New Publications—XX. Literary and Scientific Varieties—XXI. The Fine Arts—XXII. The Drama—XXIII. New Inventions and Discoveries—XXIV. Reports, Literary, Meteorological, Agricultural and Commercial—XXV. Digest of Political Events—XXVI. Remarkable Occurrences, Domestic and Foreign—XXVII. Obituary, Peter Pindar, &c.—XXVIII. Notices to Correspondents, &c. &c.

*. The two preceding Numbers of this Volume are illustrated with Portraits and Memoirs of W. WORDSWORTH, Esq. and the Rev. C. R. MATURIN, and those who may wish to avail themselves of the opportunity of commencing with the present year, are requested to transmit their orders immediately to their respective Booksellers or Newsmen, to prevent disappointment.

London: Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit street, to whom Communications (post paid) are requested to be addressed.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. XXIV. for the Month of MARCH, will be published on Thursday, April 1.

Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Ampthill.

LINES written at AMPTHILL PARK.

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